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No. 1,580

MARCH 10, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

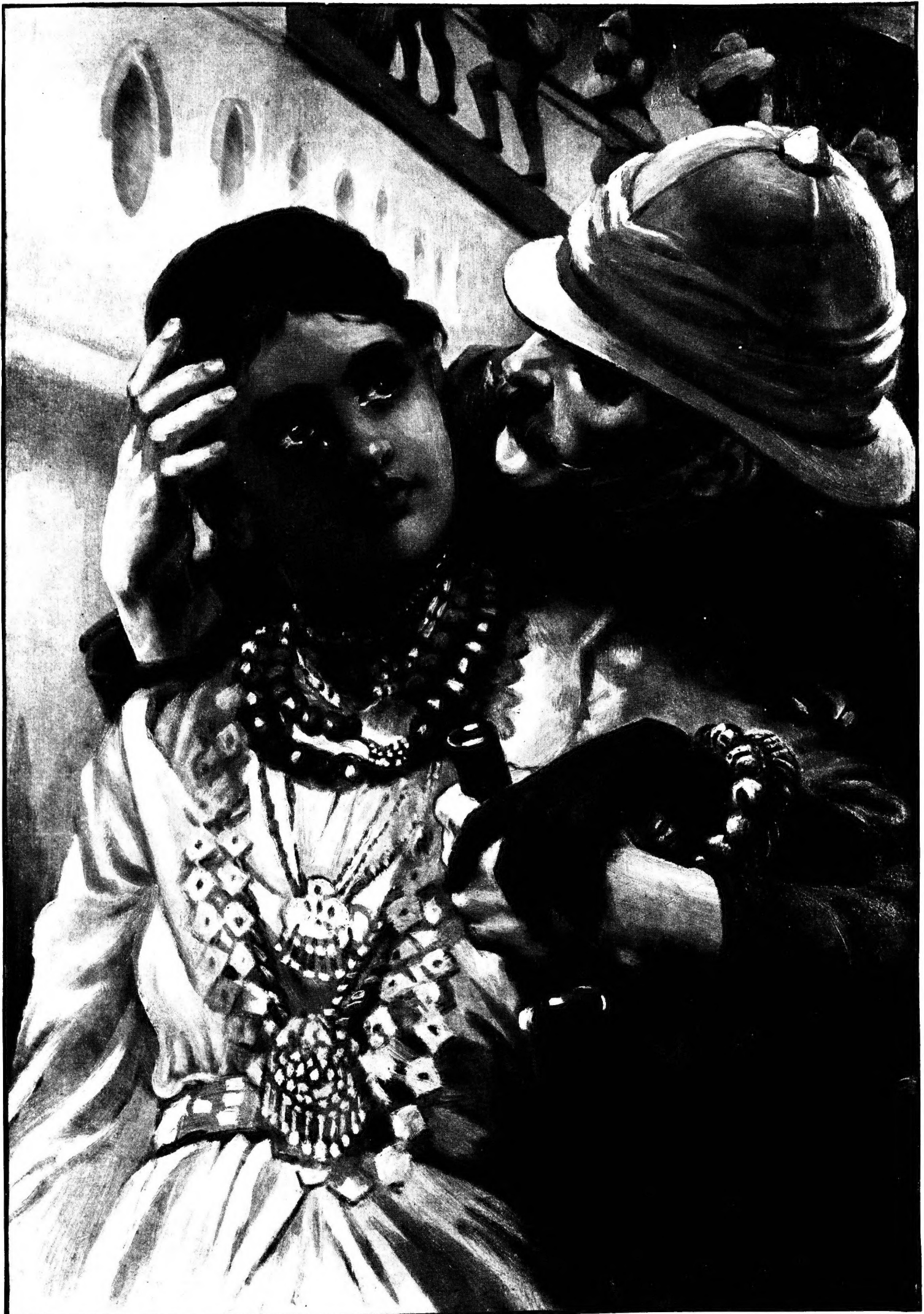
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,580.—Vol. LXL
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
"The War in South Africa," and
"The Relief of Ladysmith"

PRICE NINEPENCE
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DRAWN BY ST. GEORGE HARE, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. VAN DORT

"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM": THE CEYLON CONTINGENT LEAVING COLOMBO FOR SOUTH AFRICA

Topics of the Week

OF all arguments from analogy the historic parallel is perhaps the most misleading. This has been once more illustrated by the recent turn of affairs in South Africa. The stock argument of those who foretold the downfall of the British was not that the difficulties of the war were exceptional, or that the deficiencies of the British military organisation were irreparable, but that the whole struggle was a parallel to the American War of Independence, and hence was bound to end in the triumph of the Boers. Even so astute a politician as Count Von Buelow shared this opinion, and did not hesitate to give tentative expression to it in a speech in the German Reichstag. As a matter of fact the parallel is only of the most superficial character. In the first place, the American struggle synchronised with a European struggle, and the Americans had the assistance of two first-class European Powers. In the second place, the military conditions of the two wars were entirely different. Had steam been invented before the American Rebellion, there would probably have been a different issue to the war, for it would in that case have been possible for us to send as large an army across the Atlantic as we have sent to South Africa, and with the same ease and expedition. It is in the destruction of this typical illusion that we may find the most wide-reaching effects of the victories of Paardeberg and Ladysmith. The world during the past week has at last come to recognise what every Englishman proclaimed from the beginning, that the war can only have one issue, and that the triumph of Great Britain. The recognition of this fact is universal, and with it has gone all the hopes which those dreams and the accidental victories of the first period of the war stimulated in the Boer mind. However long the war may yet endure, there can be no question that henceforth we are relieved of those fears which haunted Prince Bismarck during the siege of Paris, and that our hands will be free to the end. But this is not the only effect of the victories. No one who studies the foreign Press can fail to be struck by the deep impression produced by them on the public mind of the Continent—an impression altogether disproportionate to the strict military aspects of the operations. The popular intuition has indeed struck below the surface of these aspects, and has realised the magnitude of the material resources of this country, and the strength of character and tenacity of purpose which enable the English people to make the best use of their resources. In all the affairs of life character is after all the most potent of forces, and it is in the revelation of the survival of the best historic features of our British character that the true explanation is to be found of the impression produced abroad by our successes in South Africa. The legend of the Colossus with the Feet of Clay is once more completely refuted. The Colossus is, perhaps, a trifle overlaid with flesh, and has not paid as much attention to training as his responsibilities require, but his constitution is sound, and he can still do things which no other nation can do.

A Satisfactory Budget SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH has faced the financial difficulties before him in a manner worthy of his reputation. In spite of the marvellous prosperity of the country, a good many supporters of the Government have not hesitated to urge that the cost of the war should be borne by the cheap and easy expedient of borrowing the money and leaving posterity to pay the bill, or at any rate so much of it as could not be squeezed out of the Boers. So far from accepting this cowardly advice, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach proposes to raise in one year alone new taxation to the amount of 12,300,000*l.*, which will be sufficient to cover one-fifth of the present estimated cost of the war. A further sum of 4,600,000*l.* is obtained by suspending the operation of the sinking fund. That is a perfectly legitimate operation. It would be folly to go on paying off old debt at a moment when the necessities of the war make it necessary to create new debt. This sum also it is needless to remark is derived from the revenues of the coming year, bringing the total contribution of the year up to 17,000,000*l.* The remainder of the 60,000,000*l.* which the war is estimated to cost is raised by borrowing; but the borrowing is not to be such as to involve a permanent addition to the debt. The sum of 8,000,000*l.* is to be raised by an addition to the purely temporary or floating debt embodied in Treasury Bills, and the remaining 35,000,000*l.* is to be raised by a new loan to be issued in such a form as to invite a popular subscription, and is to be paid off within ten years at the outside. It is

avowedly the hope of the Government that part of this loan may be met by revenues to be derived from the goldfields when peace has once more been established in South Africa, but in any case the money will be found by the present generation. There will be no permanent addition to the National Debt. That is the most important feature of the Budget, but it is equally satisfactory to find the same statesmanlike spirit displayed in the handling of the new taxes. There has been no attempt to depart from the broad, simple lines of fiscal policy established by Peel and Gladstone, and developed by Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir William Harcourt. The new burdens are fairly distributed between direct and indirect taxation, and instead of worrying the taxpayer and handicapping important industries by seeking new subjects for taxation, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has wisely contented himself with moderate additions to the duties on the four staple commodities, beer and spirits, tea and tobacco. As for the additional expenditure on the Army and Navy, due not to the war but to our permanent needs, it is happily provided for by the continued prosperity of the country, which enables the revenue still to progress at a rate which would appear astonishing if we had not grown so accustomed to the phenomenon.

The Liberal "Sleeping Partner" LORD ROSEBERY has again presented himself as a puzzling enigma to the political world. All men of light and leading therein are trying to guess what the inner significance is of his retiring from the Midlothian and Scottish Liberal Associations. His own explanation is that the position he filled was that of "a sleeping partner with political liabilities beyond my control." But it will occur to some ingenious minds that, although Lord Rosebery has ostensibly only been "a sleeping partner" in the Liberal firm since October, 1896, he has, nevertheless, contrived on a good many occasions to assume a considerable share of control while escaping any official liability. It could not be otherwise; whatever may be the rôle he plays, he fills a larger space in the public mind than any of his colleagues occupy. There is no other Liberal chief who comes anywhere near him in personal popularity among the masses, while the classes recognise in him a statesman who may be trusted to act up to his professed principles at all times and in all circumstances. There lies his strength; his main weakness consists in the ill-luck which associated his political fortunes with a party divided against itself on almost every great question. Lord Rosebery holds with some of its tenets, but wholly repudiates "Little Englandism" and other articles of sectional faith; in some respects, he is a Radical of the Radicals, but in a good many others he much more closely resembles the Palmerstonian Whigs. Possibly, therefore, his purpose may be to stand aloof until his Party, chastened by the sweet uses of adversity, unites on a practicable platform.

The Housing of the Poor ALTHOUGH the problem of housing the London proletariat in reasonably rented and thoroughly sanitary tenements is still a long way from satisfactory solution, practical philanthropy may fairly claim a considerable measure of success. The Peabody Trust, for instance, now provides comfortable accommodation within metropolitan boundaries for nearly 20,000 human beings, and every year witnesses substantial augmentation of the number, all rent-profits being expended on additional buildings. This, however, is only one among many agencies working either harmoniously or in rivalry towards the same end—the provision of better dwellings on principles without any taint of either pauperisation or Socialism. It is a matter for some regret, therefore, that the London County Council should have entered into competition with private enterprise in this sphere of usefulness. True, the field is wide enough to afford room for all comers. But long experience goes to prove that private enterprise is apt to shrink back when antagonised by rate-subsidised rivalry. From a different standpoint, however, the intervention of the L.C.C. seems likely to prove beneficial to all the other bodies which have the good work in hand. They will have its powerful co-operation in dealing with the notorious scandal to which the Prince of Wales drew attention, of the power vested in and freely exercised by leaseholders to keep premises in an insanitary condition on the chance of being bought out at fancy prices. The present Session should not end without such amendment of the law as would place the responsibility for creating and maintaining plague centres on the right shoulders.

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The Court

NOWHERE have the rejoicings over our victories in South Africa been more heartfelt than at Court. Ever at one with her people the Queen has felt the reverses and trials of the campaign so keenly that Her Majesty's relief and delight at the turn of the tide are just as intense. Her congratulatory messages to the victorious Generals and the troops, her thanks to her people for their congratulations—both expressed in the simple, homely words which come direct from the Queen's heart—shows plainly Her Majesty's state of feeling. Just as deep is the Queen's appreciation of the outburst of loyalty brought forth by the war, and it is to mark her gratitude that Her Majesty comes to town this week to spend a few days among Londoners and to show herself by driving through the streets. It is the same feeling which has decided the Queen to give up her trip to Bordighera and to stay in her own country. Every-body will be sorry that Her Majesty should miss the annual Continental holiday which gives her such pleasure and benefit, but her people will thoroughly appreciate the motives causing the change of plan. Since Jubilee times none of the Queen's visits to London have been more notable than the present, and the brief stay at Buckingham Palace from Thursday to Saturday gives Londoners plentiful opportunity of expressing their loyalty and affection.

Meanwhile, before leaving Windsor for town, the Queen was receiving various members of her family at the Castle in turn. The Duke and Duchess of York, with their three children, made a long stay, Princess Louise and her husband came down for a night, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their two daughters, spent a couple of days—their farewell visit before leaving for Ireland—while Prince and Princess Christian, as usual, were constantly with Her Majesty. There was a Privy Council on Saturday, when the Queen pricked the list of Sheriffs for England and Wales, and gave several audiences, besides knighting Mr. Justice Buckley.

Loyalty running so high just now, no wonder that the Prince and Princess of Wales received a most enthusiastic welcome when they went to Shoreditch on Saturday to open the new colony of working men's dwellings erected by the County Council on the boundary estate. All the neighbourhood turned out to greet the visitors, and flags fluttered everywhere, while the 2nd Tower Hamlets Volunteers furnished a guard of honour. A temporary tent had been run up for the occasion, and after the formal reception, which included gifts of a bouquet to the Princess and an album of views of the neighbourhood to the Prince, the ceremony of opening the buildings was speedily got through, amongst the various speeches being a most practical address from the Prince of Wales. Further, the Prince and Princess inspected two or three of the tenements fitted up ready for use. Housing the working classes is a subject in which the Prince is well versed, and only a day or two before he had visited the Guinness Trust Buildings in Bermondsey and the Rowton House at Newington Butts. Business connected with the war also occupies the Prince, who has presided over a large private meeting to decide on some means of arranging better co-operation between the various War Funds. Wednesday's Levée, held by the Prince at St. James's Palace, was the first Court ceremonial of the season, to be followed next week by the two Drawing Rooms, presided over by the Princess. These functions promise to be very fully attended—possibly reaching the prescribed limit of 200 for presentations. The Prince and Princess gave a luncheon party on Sunday, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar being among the guests. They have also spent several evenings at the theatre, going to see *Don Juan's Last Wager* at the Prince of Wales's, and *His Excellency the Governor* at the Criterion.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's daughters are always delighted to lay aside State and ceremony and go about like everyday people. So Princess Victoria has much enjoyed her stay at Brighton with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, whose wish for privacy is so thoroughly respected. Princess Victoria can wander with her little nieces on the beach, or stroll about the shops without attracting notice. Princess Maud has been just as fortunate during her tour on the Riviera with her husband. The Royal couple call themselves "Mr. and Mrs. Frederickson"—Prince Charles's father is the Crown Prince Frederick—and can, therefore, mix with the ordinary hotel company and take part in the carnival festivities at Mentone, where they have last been staying, as if they were private individuals instead of Royal personages.

The Duke of Connaught has taken up his new post as Commander-in-Chief of our forces in Ireland. The Duke and Duchess come back to town in May for the *début* of their elder daughter, Princess Margaret, at the Drawing Room which the Queen herself hopes to hold. Princess Margaret is just eighteen.

Now that the Duke of Teck has passed away, White Lodge, Richmond Park, will be used as a suburban home for the Duke and Duchess of York.

Our next Royal visitors will be the King and Queen of Sweden, who have taken Grove House, Roehampton, for some months. Probably King Oscar may take a trip over to the Paris Exhibition whilst the Queen remains here. Queen Sophia has often been in England, and was staying at Bournemouth some years ago.

The course of true love often runs anything but smoothly in Royal circles, and certainly the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria has proved the truth of the axiom. Innumerable difficulties have retarded her marriage to the handsome Hungarian magnate, Count Lonyay, not the least being the monetary question. King Leopold of Belgium sternly discountenances his daughter's choice, and will allow her nothing, so that the Archduchess is entirely dependent on her allowance from the Emperor of Austria. Nor is Count Lonyay rich. Still the wedding day is fixed at last for the 21st inst., and the Archduchess has taken leave of the Emperor and the Austrian Court and retired into private life at Miramar until her marriage. The Emperor's chaplain, Father Meyer, will perform the ceremony, which is to take place in the private chapel at Miramar before two witnesses only. The happy pair spend their honeymoon in the Riviera. Archduchess Stephanie is so well known in this country that English people will heartily wish her happiness.

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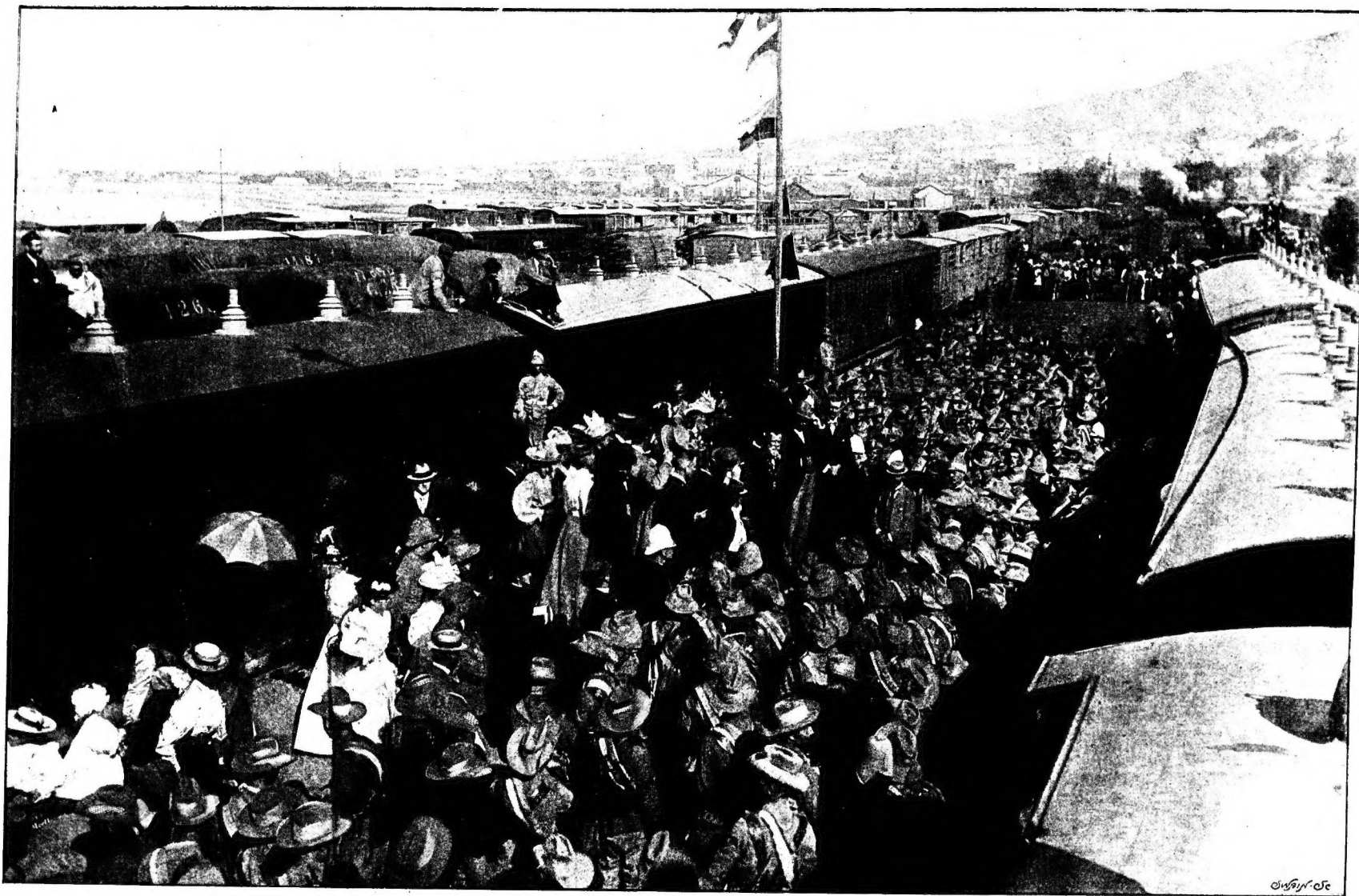
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MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and Regent Street, W. Enthusiastic reception of the XMAS CARNIVAL PROGRAMME. The Funniest Programme in the World. Nightly, at 8, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 and 8.

AS COMMUNICATION IS NOW RESTORED with KIMBERLEY AND LADYSMITH, our SPECIAL ARTISTS in the BESIEGED TOWNS will be despatching a GREAT NUMBER OF SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS, Which, owing to their bulk, they were unable to entrust to Native Runners.

These will appear in THE GRAPHIC, THE DAILY GRAPHIC, AND GOLDEN PENNY. ON SALE EVERYWHERE. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.



THE MAYOR OF CAPE TOWN ADDRESSING THE C.I.V.'S BEFORE THEY LEFT FOR MODDER RIVER

From a Photograph by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town



When the first contingent of the City Imperial Volunteers left Cape Town for the front they received a magnificent send-off. Crowds lined the streets along which the Volunteers marched from Greenpoint Camp to the railway station. People poured in from the suburbs in thousands. Business was practically suspended from one to three o'clock. The display of bunting was most profuse. Adderley Street presented a remarkable sight, the roadway and footpaths being packed. The traffic was stopped, and the leading shops let out

balconies to sightseers, the proceeds being devoted to the Volunteer Reception and Comforts Fund. Every coign of vantage was occupied. Popular enthusiasm was at fever heat. Roars of cheers and acres of waving handkerchiefs marked the progress of the Volunteers. Arrived at the station the men were addressed by the Mayor before they entrained.

THE C.I.V.'S AT CAPE TOWN: LEAVING FOR THE FRONT

From a Photograph by W. B. Parker

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

A VALUED lady correspondent, referring to my note concerning calmen's shelters, asks why something of the kind is not devised for the flower-sellers. She says:—"It is pitiful to see these poor vendors sitting exposed to the most inclement weather. Their baskets of blossoms make so bright a patch of colour in our London streets that we should miss them were they not there. The sufferings of these poor flower-sellers are surely a reproach to civilisation, or at least to humanity. Our wealthy city might provide them with shelter, even though we stop short of the charming booths and kiosks which beautify the streets of Paris." I quite agree with my correspondent, but I imagine there is considerable difficulty in providing any permanent shelter for itinerant vendors, whether they be

corrugated iron shutters, which equally extinguish them the whole of Sunday; the same complaint may be made with regard to the clocks in the watchmakers' shops, and yet all these clocks are doing their duty and wearing out their works and costing money to the benefit of no one. It is equally the case with church clocks, which cost their parish a large sum of money every year, but the parishioners only have the benefit of half the clock's labour for their outlay. Surely in these days of electricity some plan might be devised for the illumination of every church clock at night-time, especially when some of the clocks nowadays are silent throughout the night. We want a Clock Commission to look into all these things. We have plenty of clocks in London, but they are not properly utilised. When one comes to think of it, one is surprised to find how few illuminated dials we have throughout the town. The Horse Guards and the lodges of the park are among the few that occur to me at the present moment.

At present there is an opportunity for a London improvement which, I am very much afraid, will never be carried out. Anyone

during the construction of a new suite of rooms which, it is said, will be devoted to tobacco-nal delights. The addition seems to somewhat interfere with the classic severity of Decimus Burton's original building, and the new portion looks well-nigh as much out of place as the supplement to Sir Robert Smirke's Post Office in St. Martin's le Grand. But there is no doubt the gain to the members will be something considerable, and the roof space behind the balustrade will doubtless be extensively used for open-air smoking in fine weather. It will also add to the attractions of Pall Mall from the country cousins' point of view if they fancy they are able to espy eminent bishops and other celebrities perambulating the roof on a fine summer's afternoon. By the way, I think the Athenæum is the first club to utilise its roof; there are others that might follow this example to considerable advantage.

It would be satisfactory to learn what rights are included in booking stalls at a theatre. I am under the impression that if I go to the box office and purchase half a dozen stalls for a performance

Penworth Hill

Klip River

British Outposts

Klip River

Lombard's Kop
British Outposts

Umbulwana
Railway



British Outposts

British Outposts

The siege of Ladysmith may be said to have begun on November 2, and the town was not relieved until February 28. There is no doubt that the relief arrived only just in time, the reduced rations having only just sufficed to keep the fighting men at all fit for their arduous work. It appears that the number of civilian

inhabitants was greater than was generally known, and no fewer than twenty-one thousand persons were dependent on the dividing rations. Our illustration, which is drawn from descriptions and photographs supplied by former residents, shows the position of the British and of the Boers on the surrounding hills.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH: GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

sellers of flowers, of newspapers, or of matches. It would not be easy to draw the line, and when once the nomadic tradesman was made comfortable he would so rapidly increase that he would end in blocking up the thoroughfare. But I certainly think something might be done for the flower-seller. Why not provide them with some of those large-hooded wickerwork chairs, such as you see on the sands at Scheveningen—*bourriches* I think they are called? They would be portable, and whichever way the wind was blowing their owners could turn their backs to it. Also give them good substantial umbrellas of brilliant colours, which would not only protect their owners from the rain and sun, but add to the gaiety of the London streets.

Half the lives of our public clocks are useless on account of the want of a little common sense. There is a fine dial at the Metropolitan Station at Charing Cross, which is very useful in day-time, but directly night approaches it is useless, because no gas-light is in its immediate vicinity. In a like manner many of the clocks at our post offices are at night-time obscured by

who views the extension of York Street, which now runs from Catherine Street to Drury Lane, may see that on its north side what a fine opportunity there is for laying out a garden; and thus isolating the theatre altogether. A theatre with a garden would be a novelty, especially in such a crowded neighbourhood as Drury Lane. The only thing that seems to stand in the way at present is the office of the *Builder*. When I think further of the matter I question whether the prolongation of York Street is an advantage. Would it not have been better to have converted the whole of the clearing into a public garden? You say, yes, but it would be very expensive. I know it would, but this is one of those cases I want one of our numerous millionaires to take up and see it through.

The absurd report that the Alpine Club had taken quarters on the roof of the Athenæum is conclusively refuted by the removal of the Swiss chalet which has for the last few months been a matter of wonder and speculation to the strollers in Pall Mall. Now it is to be clearly seen that the Athenæum have been doing a little building on their own account, and that the Swiss chalet was only a screen

on a certain date, and I receive the numbered tickets for the stalls, those seats are mine for that particular date, and whether I go to the theatre or not, and should be occupied by nobody else, for that special representation they remain mine. The reason I ask this question is that a friend of mine took eight stalls the other day, which he sent to some friends, reserving one for himself, intending to join the party at the theatre. It so happened that he was unexpectedly prevented being present. But somebody else must needs go and occupy his seat to the great annoyance of his friends. This clearly shows great laxity on the part of the management, and there is no doubt that they ought to return the money for that seat. If I like to take three stalls—one for myself, another for my coat, and a third for my hat—I can do so, but if I happen to change my mind at the last moment and not go to the theatre at all, those stalls still remain mine till the representation for which they were taken comes to an end, and if the management, or any of its servants, allow them to be occupied, the management is clearly liable to refund the money, and I am inclined to think the illegal occupants of the seats are liable to an action for trespass.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

SOME forty years ago a Chinese general, whose name was Fo, distinguished himself. The Emperor of China thereupon said:—"Fo has done well; let him have a peacock's feather." Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Dundonald, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White, Colonel Baden-Powell, and Captain Percy Scott, have all "done well," and will be rewarded. Lord Roberts will certainly be promoted to an Earldom if he carries the campaign to a successful close, and a Viscounty will probably be conferred on Lord Kitchener. Sir George White, who has for months stemmed the tide of invasion, should be created a Baron.

Alphabetical honours will, it is anticipated, be conferred on Colonel Baden-Powell and Captain Percy Scott. They both deserve to have their services substantially recognised. Captain Scott did much by his ingenuity, resource and skill to enable the British force in Natal to repel the attacks of the enemy. Lord Dundonald, who has the C.B., will probably be promoted to the K.C.B., and Sir Redvers Buller should obtain a peerage—unless misfortune dogs his steps until the end of his command.

Should the war terminate successfully, it is believed that there will be a thanksgiving service either at St. Paul's Cathedral or at

diplomats who might not be so generously treated when they reach the superannuation age.

Many hundreds of men will return from the war either disabled or with their health permanently injured. The small pension which the Government doles out will not go far in reinstating them in the more prosperous circumstances which attended them before the war. It is proposed to found a "Khaki Association," with which it is hoped to associate all who have served in South Africa, however high or however low the rank may be which they have held. The main object of the Association will be to enable all its members to combine for the purpose of assisting these maimed and disabled comrades and their families. That object is altogether praiseworthy, and it only requires an energetic and able organiser to place the "Khaki Association" on a firm basis. It would be deplorable to see the streets filled with ragged cripples, and no prosperous soldier could pass without remorse a comrade who had fought by his side in South Africa, and was now begging on a London pavement.

Good Tidings: The News of Ladysmith

LONG waited for, long hoped for, sometimes despaired of, the news of Ladysmith's relief caught up the country in a tidal wave of rejoicing. Perhaps the most interesting feature of March 1 was the way in which the nation distinguished between the great news which had

began to echo back. From a correspondent of *The Daily Graphic* an unsigned telegram was sent to the office about mid-day with the words "Tunbridge has gone stark mad over the good news," and this telegram not unfairly represents the feeling of the whole of loyal England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Telegrams from India, Canada, Australia, and the most outlying parts of Greater Britain showed next day that it had been shared by the whole of the Empire.

It would be hard to say where the rejoicings were most vehement or sustained. In London the spectacle which the open space of the Mansion House presented at mid-day can only be described by the word historic. The crowd, with a tossing current of Union Jacks moving on its surface, filled the space from the Royal Exchange to the bottom of Cheapside, damming up the omnibuses from Broad Street and Lombard Street, and stopping the traffic of Cheapside and Queen Victoria Street. It was a crowd which cheered and sang alternately. It cheered itself hoarse at everything. While still engaged in this loyal pursuit the underwriters of Lloyd's were singing "God Save the Queen," and the members of the Stock Exchange were repeating "Rule Britannia" as an encore. As the afternoon wore on the University College students, with their friends, commandeered a Maple's furniture van—as well as the famous snuff-taking Highlander of the Tottenham Court Road—and marched to the War Office to sing the National Anthem. The South Kensington students were struck by a similar idea, and the Royal School of Mines, many of whose pupils are now with Sir George White and Sir Redvers Buller, turned out with picks and spades and marched



Mass is celebrated by the Pope every day in his Private Chapel. His Holiness, who is very active for his age, goes through the Service without any personal assistance except when he has to kneel, and then two valets in ecclesiastical garb take him by the arms and lend him aid. Leo XIII. celebrated his ninetieth birthday on the 2nd inst., when he received congratulations from all parts of the world. Among the telegrams

he received was one from the German Emperor in the following words:—"I beg your Holiness to accept my warm congratulations on your ninetieth birthday. I entertain the most sincere wishes for your happiness and your health, and pray God to shower all His blessings upon your Holiness."

THE POPE'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY: ASSISTING HIS HOLINESS TO KNEEL AT THE MASS IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. LANOS

Westminster Abbey, to which the Queen would proceed much as Her Majesty did at the two Jubilee celebrations. It would provide an opportunity for parading the Colonial contingents through the streets of London, together with the British troops. That would not only arouse the enthusiasm of the crowd, but would cause a vast sum of money to be spent in London, where the injury indirectly done to trade by the war will be severely felt.

Lord Pauncefoot, the British Ambassador at Washington, should have retired from the Diplomatic Service a year ago. There were reasons at the time which induced Lord Salisbury to extend his period of service for a year, and that extended period is rapidly coming to a close. The Washington correspondent of the *Times* contended last week that it would be unwise to allow Lord Pauncefoot to leave the United States at this moment, for there are many important matters which are on the verge of being settled, and there is a Presidential Election impending. Lord Pauncefoot has been an especially successful Ambassador at Washington, and, in the circumstances, it would be unpardonable to compel him to retire merely to satisfy the terms of regulations which have some elasticity.

On the other hand, these extensions of service seriously affect the normal flow of promotion, and may ruin the career of many able

come two days before and the more moving intelligence that Ladysmith was free. One event, the greater from a military point of view, the people received with calm pride. In the words of Lord Roberts's soldierly despatch, it was "satisfactory, occurring as it did on the anniversary of Majuba;" but the relief of Ladysmith was a different matter altogether. It swept the most phlegmatic nation in the world off its feet. Perhaps it was because that nation apprehended, though it did not yet know, the bitter straits to which Ladysmith's fortitude had reduced our soldiers. In part it was the feeling which Sir George White's gallant exclamation expressed. "Thank God we have kept our flag flying." And in part it was because a proud nation knew that it had not to bear that defeat which it had fought so bitterly hard to avoid.

Whatever the cause, or mingling of causes, the rejoicing was whole-hearted and vehement, and such as this generation has never before beheld. The news came early in the morning. Men going to business learnt it from the advance pickets of the evening papers; those who stayed at home learnt it from the flags which began to fly on the roofs, from the hoarse cries of the paper boys as they invaded the streets, from an indefinable murmur of cheering and of bells ringing, which, in London at any rate, seemed to fill the air. The news spread almost as quickly in provincial towns and in villages. The Post Office Telegraphs were congested with telegrams on the busiest day they have ever experienced, and soon the words "Dundonald relieves Ladysmith" were flickering along the spider's web of wires to every post office in the kingdom. The words of rejoicing soon

in triumphal procession down Exhibition Road. At the College of Science, Art, and Music, and at the Central Technical College the ranks were joined by new recruits. The girl students, in their modelling gowns, swelling the bareheaded procession, and the demonstrators marched in columns of fours (good-humouredly assisted by the police at the crossings) to the Albert Memorial where they arrived a thousand strong. Here they grouped themselves on the steps and sang the Anthem which every true-hearted Briton sang last Thursday week.

In the provinces the demonstrations were no less remarkable. At Aldershot the camp broke into salvos of cheers; at Windsor the bells of St. George's Chapel rang out the good tidings; in the Cathedral at Canterbury the *Te Deum* was sung. Birmingham received the news as London did, students from Mason's College parading the streets, and the people assembling in the streets and Corn Market to cheer the flag. In Liverpool the Lord Mayor's progress to the Town Hall was blocked by a wildly cheering crowd. In Manchester the Queen's College students added their enthusiastic and useful efforts to the celebration; at Cambridge the usual bonfire—at the town's expense—was lit in the Market Place by the undergraduates; in the colliery districts of Staffordshire, Durham, and Wales the miners struck work for the day; the mill hands came out in Lancashire and Yorkshire, in Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, Cardiff, Glasgow, Britons of every rank and shade of political belief joined hands and voices to celebrate this great Relief.

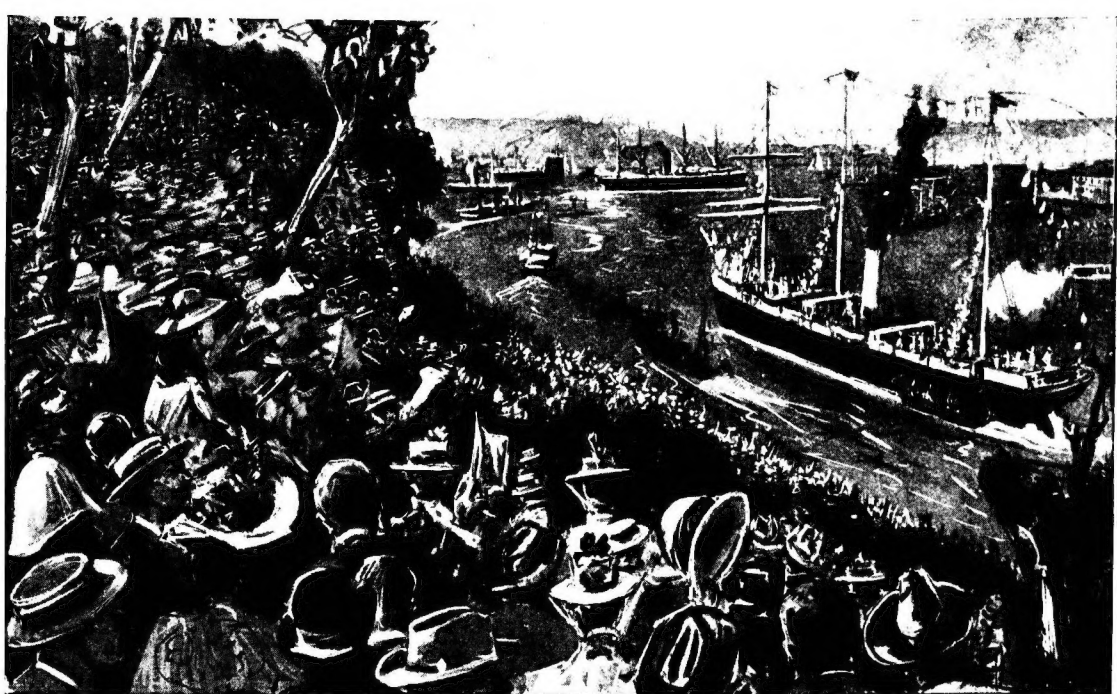
War of England's Friends

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

For months past the perusal of French journals has been a weariness of the flesh for any unfortunate Englishman forced for professional reasons to make a study of the Press. Vituperation, abuse, and invective is all that meet his eye. The perfidious Albion is again on the war path; under the leadership of "Sir" Cecil Rhodes and "Lord" Chamberlain, it has started out on a shameful war of aggression.

Its victims are two little Republics composed of pious, harmless farmers and shepherds, a kind of modern Switzerland, whose names are called Paul Kruger, and whose Arnold von Winkelried is General Cronje. This peaceful and harmless people happen to have discovered gold mines which arouse the cupidity and rapacity of the perfidious nation above-mentioned. Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain, at the bidding of the Stock Exchange, have declared war on this harmless nation of sturdy and independent farmers, in order to capture their territory and wrest from them the coveted gold mines.

In stating the above facts I am not exaggerating in the least. At least 80 per cent. of Frenchmen believe this to be the exact state of the case. It was only the other day, happening to be up in the editorial offices of the *Ptite République*, I discussed the war for over an hour with M. Jaurès, the leader of the Socialist party, with M. Gerault-Richard, the editor of the paper, M. Fournière, the deputy for the Aisne, and a dozen other men of light and leading in a party which polls two million strong at every general election, and has made and unmade Governments. Their ignorance of the question was simply incredible, and yet articles appear daily on the war from the pen of one or other of them. The history of Natal, of the Great Trek, of the race question, of the Uitlander difficulty, of the constitution of the Pretoria Government, was to them a sealed book. Not one of them was aware that Dr. Leyds was not a Boer; they all regarded him as a passionate Transvaal patriot. The legend of the Stock Exchange conspiracy of Chamberlain, Cecil Rhodes and Co., was



The second New South Wales contingent for the Cape, numbering nearly 700 officers and men, embarked on January 18 in the steamers *Moravian*, *Southern Cross*, and *Surrey*, amid great enthusiasm. The harbour presented a pretty sight when the steamers left, flags being hoisted on all the mail steamers, and many other ships being gaily decked.

OFF TO THE FRONT: THE SECOND N.S.W. CONTINGENT LEAVING SYDNEY

FROM A SKETCH BY A. HENRY FULLWOOD

the Transvaal should neutralise the Rand and Johannesburg, and the Colonial Secretary wrote me, pointing out that he himself had vainly proposed this solution to President Kruger, and sending me a copy of his despatch to the Transvaal Government.

"The theory of English abuse of force is all nonsense. Everybody has seen some small cur snapping at the heels of some big mastiff. The mastiff puts up with it for a certain time, but when neither growls, nor other evidences of disappearing patience do any good, there is one snap and there is no more cur. This is the history of the Transvaal, and now the British bulldog is settling the affair in bulldog style."

M. Yves Guyot thoroughly confirmed what I have said about the incredible ignorance of the question among French people. "Only the other night," he said, "I was out at dinner, and I met M. —" (here he mentioned a well-known French public man), "and when we began to discuss the war, I had to give it up. He did not know the first word of the whole affair, and was completely convinced of the Stock Exchange legend."

The propaganda of the *Sicéle*, is, however, I am glad to say, beginning to have some effect. While I was with M. Yves Guyot a telephone message came from Dieppe asking the wholesale terms for an excellently written brochure the ex-Minister has written on the South African problem.

Music of the Week

THE spring concert season is now in full swing, and the war "slump" being at an end, concerts, as is customary during Lent, are being very largely attended, at any rate as to those performances which really deserve public patronage. The Princess of Wales has set the Lenten fashion by being present at the afternoon Orchestral Concert at Queen's Hall on Ash Wednesday. On that day alone it is said nearly 20,000 people attended the various concerts given in different parts of London, among others orchestral performances at the Crystal Palace and Queen's Hall, Evening Sacred Concerts at Queen's, Steinway and St. James's Halls (the last organised by Madame Albani), and the performance by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall of Gounod's *Redemption*. This week the Philharmonic Society season commenced, Mr. F. H. Cowen resuming his old place as conductor, which he resigned some years ago, after a protest against the practice then followed of allowing eminent

foreign musicians, who were directing their own works, to monopolise almost all the time available for rehearsal.

The programme of the Birmingham Musical Festival was settled at a meeting of the Orchestral Committee last week. Mr. Coleridge Taylor, who had promised a new Cantata, has, for various reasons, been compelled to disappoint the Committee, so that the only novelty will be a setting by Mr. Edward Elgar, of Cardinal Newman's *The Dream of St. Gerontius*, a poem which contains that famous hymn, "Praise to the Holiest in the Height." Shortly after the production of his *St. Ludmilla*, Dr. Dvorak had an idea of setting this poem to music, but he has never carried out his intentions, so that Mr. Elgar has the field clear. Among the other works promised for Birmingham are one of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha* cantatas, Byrd's 5-part Mass (now being given every Sunday at the Oratory, Brompton), Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride*, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, Brahms's *Requiem*, Sir Hubert Parry's *De Profundis*, together with *Messiah* and *Elijah*, and besides, of course, a number of orchestral works directed by Dr. Richter.

Dr. Richter, on Friday, definitely resigned his position as conductor of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, and, as we understand, his resignation was accepted. A few months ago he renewed his contract at Vienna for five years, having also the right of almost unlimited *congé*, the Emperor particularly desiring his name still to be associated with the Opera House, which he has made so famous. Difficulties have, however, arisen between himself and the direction of the Opera House, and accordingly, for the present at any rate, Dr. Richter intends to make Manchester his headquarters. We certainly have no reason to complain of an incident which makes the great German conductor a British resident. Eventually, however, it is pretty certain that Dr. Richter will accept offers, which have many times been made to him, to conduct a series of concerts in the United States.

Madame Melba has written to contradict a vastly absurd rumour that she is engaged to be married to Dr. Joachim. The two are old friends, and recently, as they happened to meet while on tour on the Continent, they dined together, chatting over, as we understand, the prospects of a young Australian violinist whom Joachim is teaching, and in whom Madame Melba naturally takes an interest. The enterprising foreign journalist seems to have at once jumped to the conclusion that this simple incident must imply a betrothal, altogether forgetting the fact that the *prima donna* is a married lady.



M. YVES GUYOT

Drawn from Life by Paul Renouard

accepted as Gospel. And yet, as a party, the Socialists have a sincere regard for English institutions, and look up to us as the ideal free nation of Europe.

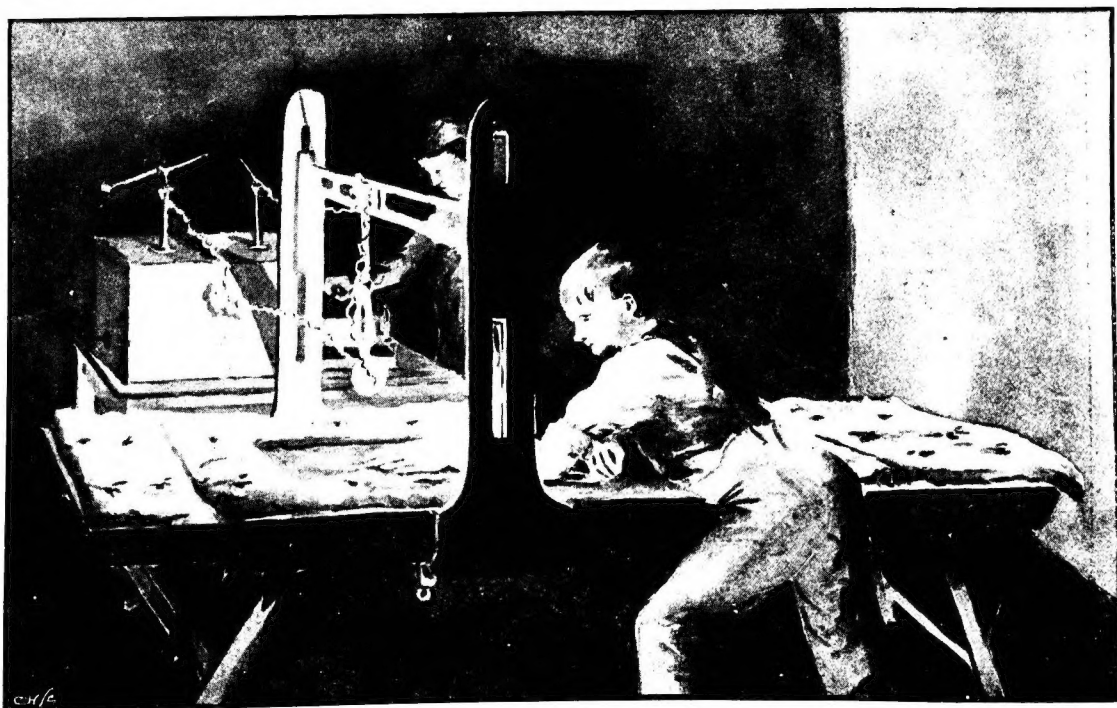
If this is true in their case, it can be imagined how the Nationalist Press, which preaches hatred of England as the first duty of all good Frenchmen, expresses itself. In addition to this, occult and open inspiration from the Belgian capital is not wanting, and Danaëlike arguments are probably a so at work.

In all this wilderness of misrepresentation there is one oasis, that is the *Sicéle*, the journal directed with as much courage as ability by M. Yves Guyot. M. Guyot is not only a distinguished journalist, but a statesman, who held the office of Minister of Public Works for three years in the Tirard and De Freycinet Cabinets, no mean feat under the régime of the Third Republic. He is also an authority on political economy of European reputation, and the leading champion of Free Trade principles in France.

His journal is the only one which has taken the trouble to make a study of the South African Question, and which discusses it *en connaissance de cause*. The result is that it is frankly and openly on the side of England. The chief consequence of this, as far as the *Sicéle*'s Paris contemporaries are concerned, has been that the journal and its editor have been included in the denunciation of the anti-English Press. M. Yves Guyot has also the honour of having been the first French journalist to take up the cause of Captain Dreyfus, which he had defended with unflinching courage up to the present time.

"Our attitude," he said to me yesterday, "has not pleased all our readers. Many have been deceived by sentimental ideas on the subject and have withdrawn their subscriptions. It was only the other day I received a long letter from a Protestant pastor, informing me he would no longer read the *Sicéle*. As he accompanied the information by his view, in which the 'pious farmer and shepherd, known the Stock Exchange filibuster,' was the principal feature, I replied to him that I considered he was doing well, for if he had been reading the *Sicéle* for months, and had derived so little advantage from it, the best thing he could do was to stop it."

"I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Chamberlain," he continued, "and have only exchanged two letters with him. Some months ago I proposed, as a solution of the Uitlander question, that



The X-rays apparatus has proved very valuable to the surgeon when dealing with a complicated bullet wound. Our illustration shows the room at Fort Napier, Pictouville, that has been fitted for the use of this scientific invention. At Fort Napier the church has been turned into a hospital for the sick and wounded from the front. Our illustration is from a sketch by N. O. Wilson

SCIENCE AND THE WAR: FOR THE WOUNDED



THE RIGHT REV. J. C. RYLE, D.D.
Who is retiring from the See of Liverpool

MR. J. O'DONNELL
New M.P. for South Mayo

THE LATE LADY LOUISA TIGHE
Who danced at the Waterloo Ball

MR. C. CARLOS CLARKE
Leader of the Ladysmith Demonstration on the Stock Exchange

THE LATE MR. A. W. TUER
Publisher and Antiquary

Our Portraits

LADY LOUISA TIGHE, who died last week at Woodstock, County Kilkenny, was ninety-seven years of age. She had been in failing health for a couple of years, but a year since was well enough to receive the visit of the Duchess of York and her party, which included Lord Roberts. Lady Tighe was not an Irishwoman, though she lived there all her life, and was bound to Ireland by many ties. Her father became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland so long ago as 1807, when the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, as Chief Secretary to her father (1807-1809), used to ride out in Phoenix Park with her and her sisters. As a little girl of twelve she danced at the famous Brussels ball which preceded the Battle of Waterloo. Lady Tighe, who was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, saw four Sovereigns on the British Throne, and was seventeen when George III. died. It was her father who gave the famous Brussels ball, and it was she who girded on the sword on the Iron Duke. In 1825 she married the Right

Hon. William Frederick Fownes Tighe, Woodstock (who died in 1878). Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Right Rev. John C. Ryle, D.D., who is now retiring from the See of Liverpool, which he has held since 1880, was born at Macclesfield in 1816. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was ordained in 1841. He was at one time curate of Exbury, Hants, then rector of St. Thomas's, Winchester, rector of Helmingham, Suffolk, vicar of Stradbroke, Suffolk, rural dean of Hoxne, hon. canon of Norwich, dean designate of Salisbury, and selected preacher at Cambridge and Oxford. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

Mr. Andrew White Tuer was born in 1838, and for many years he carried on business in company with a partner as Field and Tuer, and latterly as the Leadenhall Press, Limited. He made a special study of old prints and engravings printed in colours direct from the copper-plate. His "Bartolozzi and His Works, Biographical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive," dedicated by command to Her Majesty, was a monument of patient research. Mr. Tuer also published the "History of the Horn Book," "Forgotten Children's Books,"

"London Cries," and many works dealing with the subjects in which he took a special interest. Our portrait is by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

Mr. John O'Donnell, the new Nationalist M.P. for South Mayo, is Secretary of the United Irish League. Major McBride, whom Mr. O'Donnell defeated at the poll, is in command of the Irish Brigade, now fighting for the Boers, and Mr. O'Donnell's views are best explained by the fact that he has expressed his deep admiration for his opponent and his conduct. Our portrait is by P. Shaw, Mullingar.

Mr. C. C. Clarke is the recognised leader of all such celebrations on the Stock Exchange as the commemoration of the relief of Ladysmith. He it was who some short time since hammered Kruger, and his popularity and fertility of resource have never yet failed him when the Exchange requires someone to take the initiative in voicing its patriotism or humours. A good singer, a clever amateur actor, and a cricketer who is always prominent in Canterbury week, Mr. Clarke's only vice is a weakness for practical jokes, and this weakness the "House" is quite ready to regard as a virtue. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

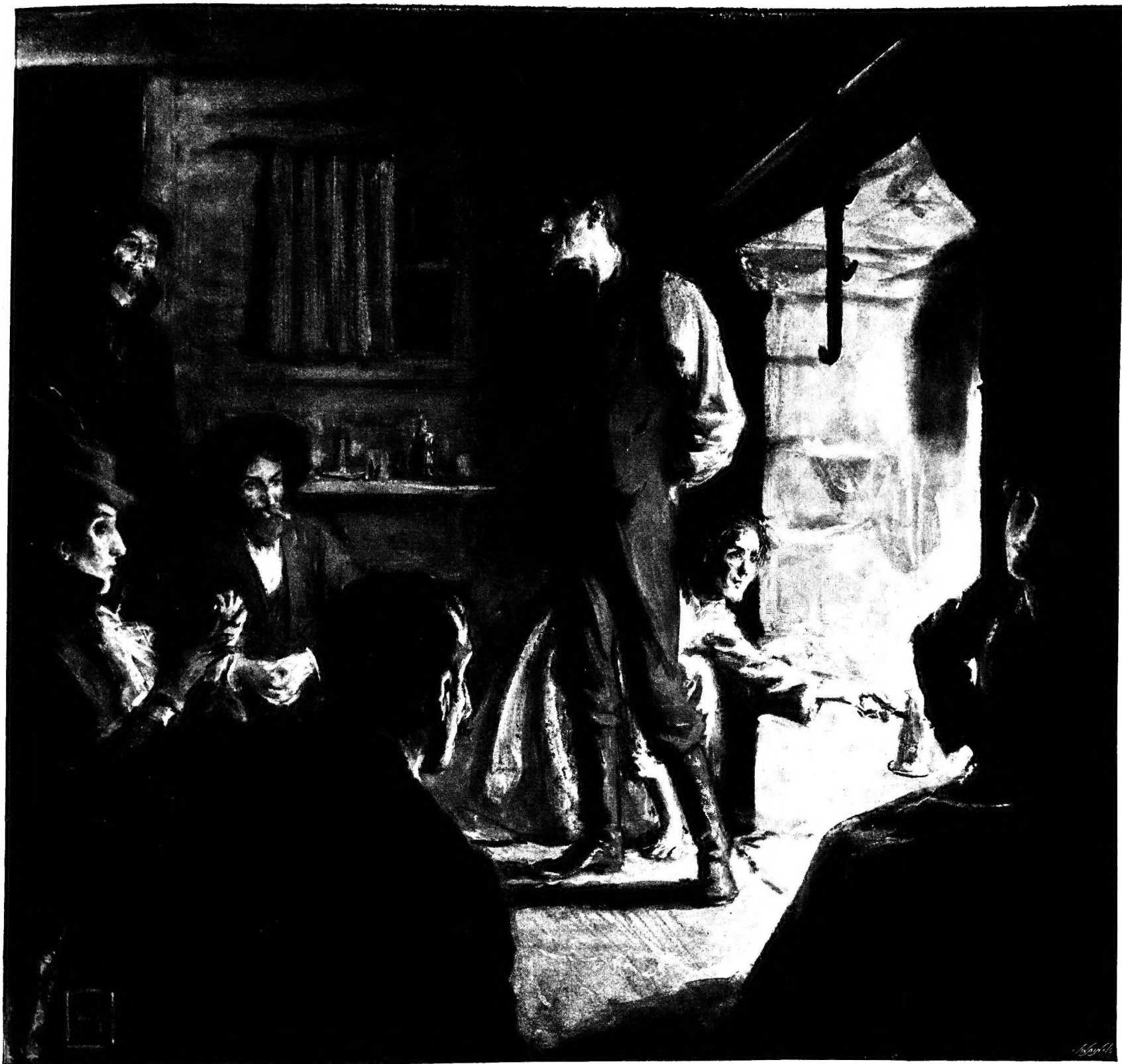


It is difficult to recognise the smart Grenadiers when paraded in their campaigning kit, but when we see them as they are represented in our illustration the last semblance to the Guards seems to have disappeared.

The 3rd Grenadiers are under the command of Colonel E. M. S. Crable, who is well known to Londoners in connection with the Military Tournament

THE GUARDS DISGUISED: OFFICERS' MESS OF THE 3RD GRENADIERS ON THE MODDER

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele



"The man slowly drew up his tall, shambling figure before the fire, and then faced them, with his hands behind him"

A NIECE OF "SNAPSHOT HARRY'S"

By BRET HARTE. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD

PART I.

There was a slight jarring through the whole frame of the vehicle, a grinding and hissing from the brakes, and then, a sudden stop as the vehicle ran upon and recoiled from the taut pole-straps of the now arrested horses. The murmur of a voice in the road was heard, followed by the impatient accents of Yuba Bill—the Expressman.

"Who-at? Speak up, can't ye?"

The voice uttered something in a louder key, but equally intelligible to the now interested and fully awakened passengers. One of them dropped the window nearest him and looked out. He could see the faint glistening of a rain-washed lantern near the driver's head, mingling with the stronger coach lights, and the light of a distant open cabin door through the leaves and branches of a tree on the roadside. The sound of falling rain on the roof, a soft rustling of wind-tossed trees, and an impatient movement on the seat were all they heard. Then Yuba Bill's voice arose again, loudly in answer to the other.

"Way, that's half a mile away!"

"Yes, but ye might have dropped onto it in the dark, and it's all the down grade," responded the strange voice more audibly.

The passengers were now thoroughly aroused. "What's up, Ned?" asked the one at the window of the nearest of two figures who had descended from the box.

"Tree fallen across the road," said Ned, the Expressman, briefly.

"I don't see no tree," responded the passenger, leaning out of the window towards the obscurity ahead.

"Now, that's onfortnit!" said Yuba Bill grimly; "but ef any

gentleman will only lend him an operry glass, mebbe he kin see round the curve and over the other side o' the hill where it is. Now then"—addressing the stranger with the lantern—"bring along your axes, can't ye?"

"Here's one, Bill," said an officious outside passenger, producing the instrument he had taken from its strap in the boot. It was the "regulation" axe, beautifully shaped, highly polished, and utterly ineffective, as Bill well knew.

"We ain't cuttin' no kindlins," he said scornfully; then he added brusquely to the stranger: "Fetch out your biggest wood axe—you've got one, ye know—and look sharp."

"I don't think Bill need be so d—d rough with the stranger, considering he's saved the coach a very bad smash," suggested a reflective young journalist in the next seat. "He talks as if the man was responsible."

"He's not quite sure if that isn't the fact," said the Express Messenger in a lower voice.

"Why? What do you mean?" clamoured the others excitedly.

"Well—*this* is about the spot where the up coach was robbed six months ago," returned the Messenger.

"Dear me!" said the lady in the back seat, rising with a half-hysterical laugh. "Haden't we better get out before they come?"

"There is not the slightest danger, ma'am," said a quiet, observant man, who had scarcely spoken before, "or the Expressman would not have told us; nor would he, I reckon, have left his post beside the treasure on the box."

The slight sarcasm implied in this was enough to redden the Expressman's cheek in the light of the coach lamp which Yuba Bill had just unshipped and brought to the window. He would have made some tart rejoinder, but was prevented by Yuba Bill

addressing the passengers: "Ye'll have to put up with *one* light, I reckon, until we've got this job finished."

"How long will it last, Bill?" asked the man nearest the window.

"Well," said Bill, with a contemptuous glance at the elegant coach axe he was carrying in his hand, "considerin' these purty first-class highly expensive hash choppers that the Kempany furnishes us, I reckon it may take an hour."

"But is there no place where we can wait?" asked the lady anxiously. "I see a light in that house yonder."

"Ye might try it, though the Kempany, as a rule, ain't in the habit o' makin' social calls there," returned Bill with a certain grim significance. Then, turning to some outside passengers, he added, "Now then! them as is goin' to help me tackle that tree, trot down! I reckon that blithering idiot" (the stranger with the lantern who had disappeared) "will have sense enough to fetch us some ropes with his darned axe."

The passengers thus addressed, apparently miners and working men, good-humouredly descended, all except one, who seemed disinclined to leave the much-coveted seat on the box beside the driver.

"I'll look after your places and keep my own," he said with a laugh, as the others followed Bill through the dripping rain. When the last man had disappeared, the young journalist turned to the lady.

"If you would really like to go to that house I will gladly accompany you." It was possible that in addition to his youthful chivalry there was a little youthful resentment of Yuba Bill's domineering prejudices in his attitude. However, the quiet, observant passenger lifted a look of approval to him, and added, in his previous level, half-contemptuous tone:

"You'll be quite as well there as here, ma'am, and there is certainly no reason for your stopping in the coach when the driver chooses to leave it."

The passengers looked at each other. The stranger spoke with authority, and Bill had certainly been a little arbitrary!

"I'll go too," said the passenger by the window. "And you'll come, won't you, Ned?" he added to the Express Messenger. The young man hesitated; he was recently appointed, and as yet fresh to the business—but he was not to be taught his duty by an officious stranger! He resented the interference youthfully, by doing the very thing he would have preferred *not* to do, and, with assumed carelessness, yet feeling in his pocket to assure himself that the key of the treasure compartment was safe—turned to follow them.

"Won't *you* come, too?" said the journalist, politely addressing the cynical passenger.

"No—I thank you! I'll take charge of the coach," was his smiling rejoinder, as he settled himself more comfortably in his seat.

The little procession moved away in silence. Oddly enough no one, except the lady, really cared to go, and two—the Expressman and journalist—would have preferred to remain on the coach. But the national instinct of questioning any purely arbitrary authority probably was a sufficient impulse. As they neared the opened door of what appeared to be a four-roomed, unpainted, red-wood boarded cabin, the passenger who had occupied the seat near the window said:

"I'll go first and sample the shanty."

He was not, however, so far in advance of them but that the others could hear quite distinctly his offhand introduction of their party on the threshold, and the somewhat lukewarm response of the inmates. "We thought we'd just drop in and be sociable until the coach was ready to start again," he continued, as the other passengers entered. "This yer gentleman is Ned Brice, Adams and Co.'s Expressman; this yer is Frank Fenshaw, editor of the *Mountain Banner*; this yer's a lady, so it ain't necessary to give *her* name, I reckon—even if we knowed it! Mine's Sam Heckshill, of Heckshill and Dobbs's Flour Mills, of Stockton, whar, ef you ever come that way, I'll be happy to return the compliment and hospitality."

The room they had entered had little of comfort and brightness in it except the fire of pine logs which roared and crackled in the *adobe* chimney. The air would have been too warm but for the strong west wind and rain, which entered the open door freely. There was no other light than the fire, and its tremulous and ever-changing brilliancy gave a spasmodic mobility to the faces of those turned towards it, or threw into stronger shadow the features that were turned away. Yet, by this uncertain light, they could see the figures of a man and two women. The man rose and, with a certain apathetic gesture that seemed to partake more of weariness and long suffering than positive discourtesy, tendered seats on chairs, boxes, and even logs to the self-invited guests. The stage party were surprised to see that this man was the stranger who had held the lantern in the road.

"Ah! then you didn't go with Bill to help clear the road?" said the Expressman surprisedly.

The man slowly drew up his tall, shambling figure before the fire, and then facing them, with his hands behind him, as slowly lowered himself again as if to bring his speech to the level of his hearers and give a lazier and more deliberate effect to his long-drawn utterance.

"Well—no!" he said slowly. "I—didn't—go—with—no—Bill—to—help—clar—the road! I—don't—reckon—to go—with—no—Bill—to—clear—*any* road! I've just whittled this thing down to a pint, and it's this—I ain't no Stage Kempany's nigger! So far as turnin' out and warnin' 'em agin goin' to smash over a fallen tree, and slap down into the Cañon with a passel of innercent passengers I'm that much a white man, but I ain't no *nigger* to work clearing things away for 'em, nor I ain't no scrub to work beside 'em." He slowly straightened himself up again, and, with his former apathetic air, looking down upon one of the women who was setting a coffee-pot on the coals, added, "But I reckon my old woman here kin give you some coffee and whiskey—ef you keef for it."

Unfortunately the young Expressman was more loyal to Bill than diplomatic. "If Bill's a little rough," he said, with a heightened colour, "perhaps he has some excuse for it. You forget it's only six months ago that this coach was 'held up' not a hundred yards from this spot."

The woman with the coffee-pot here faced about, stood up, and, either from design or some odd coincidence, fell into the same dogged attitude that her husband had previously taken—except that she rested her hands on her hips. She was prematurely aged, like many of her class, and her black, snake-like locks, twisting loose from her comb as she lifted her head, showed threads of white against the firelight. Then with slow and implacable deliberation she said:

"We 'forget'! Well!—not much, sonny! We ain't forgot it, and we ain't goin' to forget it neither! We ain't bin likely to forget it for any time last six months. What with visitations from the County constables, snoopin's round from 'Frisco detectives; drop-pings in from newspaper men, and yawpins and starin's from tramps and strangers on the road—we haven't had a chance to disremember *much*! And when at last Hiram has tackled the Head Stage Agent at Marysville, and allowed that this yer pesterin' and persecutin' had got ter stop—what did that yer Head Agent tell him? Told him to 'shet his head,' and be thankful that his 'thievin' ole shanty wasn't burnt down around his ears!' Forget that six months ago the coach was held up near here? Not much, sonny—not much!"

The situation was embarrassing to the guests, as ordinary politeness called for some expression of sympathy with their gloomy hostess, and yet a selfish instinct of humanity warned them that there must be some foundation for this general distrust of the public. The journalist was troubled in his conscience; the Expressman took refuge in an official reticence; the lady coughed slightly, and drew nearer to the fire with a vague but safe compliment to its brightness and comfort. It devolved upon Mr. Heckshill, who felt the responsibility of his late airy introduction of the party, to boldly keep up his *role*, with an equally non-committal, light-hearted philosophy.

"Well, ma'am," he said, addressing his hostess, "it's a queer

world and no man's got sabe enough to say what's the rights and wrongs o' anything. Some folks believe one thing and act upon it, and other folk think differently and act upon *that*! The only thing ye kin safely say ez that *things ez ez they be*! My rule here and at the mill, ez jest to take things ez I find 'em!"

It occurred to the journalist that Mr. Heckshill had the reputation, in his earlier career, of "taking" such things as unoccupied lands and timber "as he found them" without much reference to their actual owners. Apparently he was acting upon the same principle now, as he reached for the demijohn of whiskey with the ingenious pleasantry, "Did somebody say whiskey, or did I dream it?"

But this did not satisfy Fenshaw. "I suppose," he said, ignoring Heckshill's diplomatic philosophy, "that you may have been the victim of some misunderstanding or some unfortunate coincidence. Perhaps the company may have confounded you with your neighbours, who are believed to be friendly to the gang—or, you may have made some injudicious acquaintances. Perhaps—"

He was stopped by a suppressed, but not unmusical, giggle which appeared to come from the woman in the corner who had not yet spoken, and whose face and figure in the shadow he had previously overlooked. But he could now see that her outline was slim and graceful, and the contour of her head charming, facts that had evidently not escaped the observation of the Expressman and Mr. Heckshill, and might have accounted for the cautious reticence of the one and the comfortable moralising of the other.

The old woman cast an uneasy glance on the fair giggler, but replied to Fenshaw:

"That's it—injerdishus acquaintances!" But just because we might happen to have friends, or even be sorter related to folks in another line o' business that ain't none o' ours, the Kempany hain't no call to persecute *us* for it! 'Spose we do happen to know some one like—"

"Spit it out, Auntie, now you've started in! I don't mind," said the fair giggler, now apparently casting off all restraint in an outburst of laughter.

"Well," said the old woman with dogged desperation, "suppose, then, that that young girl thar is the niece of Snapshot Harry, who stopped the coach the last time—"

"And ain't ashamed of it either!" interrupted the young girl, rising and disclosing in the firelight an audacious but wonderfully pretty face. "And supposing he *is* my uncle, *that* ain't any cause for their bedevlin' my poor old cousin Hiram and Sophy thar!" For all the indignation of her words, her little white teeth flashed mischievously in the dancing light as if she rather enjoyed the embarrassment of her audience, not excluding her own relatives. Evidently Cousin Sophy thought so too.

"It's all very well for you to laugh, Flo, you limb!" she retorted querulously, yet with an admiring glance at the girl, "for ye know thar ain't a man dare touch ye even with a word—but it's mighty hard on me and Hiram all the same."

"Never you mind, Sophy dear," said the girl, placing her hand half affectionately, half humorously on the old woman's shoulder, "mebbe I won't always be a discredit and a bother to you. Jest you hold your hosses, and wait until Uncle Harry 'holds up' the next Pioneer Coach"—the dancing devil in her eyes glanced as if accidentally on the young Expressman—"and he'll make a big enough pile to send me to Europe, and you'll be quit o' me!"

The embarrassment, suspiciousness, and uneasiness of the coach party here found relief in a half hysteric explosion of laughter, in which even the dogged Hiram and Sophy joined. It seemed as impossible to withstand the girl's invincible audacity as her beauty. She was quick to perceive her advantage, and with a responsive laugh and a picturesque gesture of invitation, said:

"Now that all's settled ye'd better waltz in and have your whiskey and coffee afore the stage starts. Ye kin comfort yourselves that it ain't stolen or pizoned, even if it is served up to ye by Snapshot Harry's niece!" With another easy gesture she swung the demijohn over her arm, and offering a tin cup to each of the men, filled them in turn.

The ice thus broken—or perhaps thus perilously skated over—the passengers were as profuse in their thanks and apologies as they had been constrained and artificial before. Heckshill and Fenshaw vied with each other for a glance from the audacious Flo. If their compliments partook of an extravagance that was at times ironical, the girl was evidently not deceived by it, but replied in kind. Only the Expressman, who seemed to have fallen under the spell of her audacious glances, was uneasy at the license of the others—yet himself dumb towards her. The lady discreetly drew nearer to the fire, the old woman, and her coffee; Hiram subsided into his apathetic attitude by the fire.

A shout from the road at last proclaimed the return of Yuba Bill and his helpers. It had the singular effect of startling the party into a vague and uneasy consciousness of indiscretion, as if it had been the voice of the outer world of Law and Order, and their manner again became constrained. The leave-taking was hurried and perfunctory; the diplomatic Heckshill again lapsed into glittering generalities about "the best of friends parting," only the Expressman lingered for a moment on the doorstep in the light of the fire and the girl's dancing eyes.

"I hope," he stammered with a very youthful blush, "to come the next time—with—with—a better introduction."

"Uncle Harry's," she said, with a quick laugh and a mock curtsy as she turned away.

Once out of hearing, the party broke into hurried comment and criticism of the scene they had just witnessed—and particularly of the fair actress who had played so important a part, averring their emphatic intention of wresting the facts from Yuba Bill at once, and cross-examining him closely, but—oddly enough—reaching the coach and that redoubted individual, no one seemed to care to take the initiative, and they all scrambled hurriedly to their seats without a word. How far Yuba Bill's irritability and imperious haste contributed to this, or a fear that he might in turn catechise them, kept them silent, no one knew. The cynically observant passenger was not there; he and the sole occupant of the box seat—so they were told—had joined the clearing party some moments before, and would be picked up by Yuba Bill later on.

Five minutes after Bill had gathered up the reins, they reached the scene of obstruction. The great pine tree which had fallen from the steep bank above and stretched across the road had been partly lopped of its branches, divided in two lengths, which were

now rolled to either side of the track, leaving barely space for the coach to pass. The huge vehicle "slowed up" as Yuba Bill skillfully guided his six horses through this narrow alley, whose tassels of pine, glistening with wet, brushed the panels and sides of the coach, and effectually excluded any view from its windows. Seen from the coach top, the horses appeared to be cleaving their way through a dark, shining olive sea, that parted before and closed behind them, as they slowly passed. The leaders were just emerging from it, and Bill was gathering up his slackened reins, when a peremptory voice called: "Halt!" At the same moment the coach lights flashed upon a masked and motionless horseman in the road. Bill made an impulsive reach for his whip, but in the same instant checked himself, reined in his horses with a suppressed oath and sat perfectly rigid. Not so the Expressman, who caught up his rifle, but it was arrested by Bill's arm, and his voice in his ear:

"Too late!—we're covered!—don't be a d—d fool!"

The inside passengers, still encompassed by obscurity, knew only that the stage had stopped. The "outsiders" knew, by experience, that they were covered by unseen guns in the wayside branches, and scarcely moved.

"I didn't think it was the square thing to stop you, Bill, till you'd got through your work," said a masterful but not unpleasant voice, "and if you'll just hand down the express box I'll pass you and the rest of your load through free! But as we're both in a hurry, you'd better look lively about it."

"Hand it down," said Bill gruffly to the Expressman.

The Expressman turned with a white cheek but blazing eyes to the compartment below his seat. He lingered, apparently in some difficulty with the lock of the compartment, but finally brought out the box, and handed it to another armed and masked figure who appeared mysteriously from the branches beside the wheels.

"Thank you!" said the voice; "you can slide on now."

"And thank you for nothing," said Bill, gathering up his reins. "It's the first time any of your kind had to throw down a tree to hold me up!"

"You're lying, Bill!—though you don't know it," said the voice cheerfully. "Far from throwing down a tree to stop you, it was I sent word along the road to warn you from crashing down upon it, and sending you and your load to h—ll before your time! Drive on!"

The angry Bill waited for no second comment, but laying his whip over the backs of his team drove furiously forward. So rapidly had the whole scene passed that the inside passengers knew nothing of it, and even those on the top of the coach roused from their stupor and inglorious inaction only to cling desperately to the terribly swaying coach as it thundered down the grade and try to keep their equilibrium. Yet, furious as was their speed, Yuba Bill could not help noticing that the Expressman from time to time cast a hurried glance behind him. Bill knew that the young man had shown readiness and nerve in the attack, although both were hopeless, yet he was so much concerned at his set white face and compressed lips that when, at the end of three miles' unabated speed, they galloped up to the first station, he seized the young man by the arm, and, as the clamour of the news they had brought rose around them, dragged him past the wondering crowd, caught a decanter from the bar, and, opening the door of a side room, pushed him in it, and closed the door behind them.

"Look yar! Brice! Stop it! quit it right thar!" he said emphatically, laying his large hand on the young fellow's shoulder. "Be a man! You've shown you are one, green as you are, for you had the sand in you—the clar grit, to-night, yet you'd have been a dead man now if I hadn't stopped you! Man! you had no show from the beginning! You've done your level best to save your treasure, and I'm your witness to the Kempany, and proud of it, too! So shet your head and," pouring out a glass of whiskey, "swaller that!"

But Brice waved him aside with burning eyes and dry lips.

"You don't know it all, Bill!" he said, with a half-choked voice.

"All what?"

"Swear that you'll keep it a secret," he said feverishly, gripping Bill's arm in turn, "and I'll tell you."

"Go on!"

"The coach was robbed before that!"

"Wot yer say?" ejaculated Bill.

"The treasure—a packet of greenbacks—had been taken from the box before the gang stopped us!"

"The h—ll, you say!"

"Listen! When you told me to hand down the box I had an idea—a d—d fool one perhaps—of taking that package out and jumping from the coach with it! I knew they would fire at *me* only; I might get away, but if they killed me, I'd have done only my duty, and nobody else would have got hurt. But when I got to the box I found that the lock had been forced and the money gone! I managed to snap the lock again before I handed it down. I thought they might discover it at once and chase us, but they didn't."

"And then thar wor no greenbacks in the box that they took?" gasped Bill with staring eyes.

"No!"

Bill raised his hand in the air as if in solemn adjuration, and then brought it down on his knee, doubling up in a fit of uncontrollable but perfectly noiseless laughter. "O Lord!" he gasped, "hol' me afore I bust right open! Hush," he went on, with a jerk of his fingers towards the next room, "not a word o' this to any one! It's too much to keep, I know; it's nearly killing me! but we must swaller it all ourselves! O Jerusalem the Golden! O Brice! Think o' that face o' Snapshot Harry's as he opened that treasure box afore his gang in the brush! And he allers so keen and so easy and so cock-sure! Created snakes! I'd go through this every trip for one sight of him as he just riz up from that box and cussed!" He again shook with inward convulsions till his face grew purple, and even the red came back to the younger man's cheek.

"But this don't bring the money back, Bill," said Brice, gloomily.

Yuba Bill took off the glass of whiskey at a gulp, wiped his mouth and eyes, smothered a second explosion, and then gravely confronted Brice.

"When do you think it was taken, and how?"

"It must have been taken when I left the coach on the road and

went over to that settler's cabin," said Brice, bitterly. "Yet I believed everything was safe, and I left two men—both passengers—one inside and one on the box, that man who sat the other side of you."

"Jee whillikins!" ejaculated Bill with his hand to his forehead, "the men I clean forgot to pick up in the road, and now I reckon they never intended to be picked up either."

"No doubt a part of the gang," said Brice with increased bitterness; "I see it all now."

"No!" said Bill decisively, "that ain't Snapshot Harry's style; he's a clean fighter with no underhand tricks. And I don't believe he threw down that tree either. Look yer, sonny!" he added, suddenly laying his hand on Brice's shoulder, "a hundred to one that that was the work of a couple o' d—d sneaks or traitors in that gang who kem along as passengers. I never took any stock that *coyote* who paid extra for his box seat."

Brice knew that Bill never looked kindly on any passenger who, by bribing the ticket agent, secured this favourite seat which Bill it was due to his personal friends and was in his own selection. He only returned gloomily:

"I don't see what difference it makes to us which robber got the money."

"Ye don't," said Lill, raising his head with a sudden twinkle in his eyes, "then ye don't know Snapshot Harry. Do ye suppose he's goin' to sit down and twiddle his thumbs with that skin game played on him? No sir," he continued with a thoughtful deliberation, drawing his fingers slowly through his long beard, "he lotted it—and smelt out the whole trick as soon as he opened that box, and that's why he didn't foller us! He'll hunt those sneak thieves into hell but what he'll get 'em, and," he went on still more slowly, "by the livin' hokey! I reckon, sonny, that's jest how ye'll get yer chance to chip in!"

"I don't understand," said Brice impatiently.

"Well," said Bill, with more provoking slowness, as if he were communing with himself rather than Brice, "Harry's mighty proud and high-toned, and to be given away like this has cut down into his heart, you bet. It ain't the money he's thinkin' of, it's this split in the gang—the loss of his power as boss, you see—and if he could get hold o' them chaps he'd let the money slide as long ez they didn't get it. So you've got a detective on your side that's worth the whole police force of California! Ye never heard anything about Snapshot Harry, did ye?" said Bill, carelessly, raising his eyes to Brice's eager face.

The young man flushed slightly. "Very little," he said. At

the same time a vision of the pretty girl in the settler's cabin flashed upon him with a new significance.

"He's more than half white, in some ways," said Bill thoughtfully, "and they say he lives somewhere about here in a cabin in the bush, with a crippled sister and her darter, who both swear by him. It mightn't be hard to find him—if a man was dead set on it."

Brice faced about with determined eyes. "I'll do it," he said quietly.

"Ye might," said Bill, still more deliberately stroking his beard, "mention my name ef ye ever get to see him."

"Your name," ejaculated the astonished Brice.

"My name," repeated Bill calmly. "He knows it's my bounden duty ter kill him ef I get the chance, and I know that he'd plug me full o' holes in a minit ef thar war a necessity for it. But in these yer affairs, sonny, it seems to be the understood thing by the Kempny that I'm ter keep fiery young squirts like you, and chuckle-headed passengers like them"—jerked his thumb towards the other room—"from gettin' themselves killed by their rashness. So ontill the Kempny fill the top o' that coach with men who ain't got any business to do *but* fightin' other men who ain't got any other business to do *but* to fight them—the odds are agin' us! Harry has always acted square to me—that's how I know he ain't in this sneak-thief business, and why he didn't foller us, suspectin' suthin', and I've always acted square to him. All the same I'd like ter hev seen his face when that box was opened! Lordy!" Here Bill again collapsed in his silent paroxysm of mirth. "Ye might tell him how I laffed!"

"I would hardly do that, Bill," said the young man smiling in spite of himself. "But you've given me an idea, and I'll work it out."

Bill glanced at the young fellow's kindling eyes and flushing cheek and nodded. "Well, rattle with that idea later on, sonny. I'll fix you all right in my report to the Kempny, but the rest you must work alone. I've started out the usual *posse*, circus ridin' down the road, after Harry. He'd be a rough customer to meet just now," continued Bill with a chuckle, "if thar was the ghost of a chance o' them coming up with him, for him and his gang is scattered miles away by this. He paused, tossed off another glass of whiskey, wiped his mouth, and saying to Brice with a wink, "It's about time to go and comfort them thar passengers," led the way through the crowded bar room into the stage office. The spectacle of Bill's humorously satisfied face and Brice's bright eyes and heightened colour was singularly effective. The "inside" passengers, who had experienced neither the excitement nor the danger of the robbery, yet had been obliged to listen to the hair-

breadth escapes of the others, pooh-poohed the whole affair, and even the "outsides" themselves were at last convinced that the robbery was a slight one, with little or no loss to the company. The clamour subsided almost as suddenly as it had arisen; the wiser passengers fashioned their attitude on the *sangfroid* of Yuba Bill, and the whole coach load presently rolled away as complacently as if nothing had happened.

(To be continued)

"Hamlet" Unabridged

It is not very creditable to the countrymen of Shakespeare in these days that the performance given at the LYCEUM Theatre last week of the full text of *Hamlet* has been regarded in many quarters as a perverse sort of freak on the part of Mr. Benson and his company. In the case of *Hamlet* it is no doubt a great difficulty that even when "waits" are reduced to vanishing point the entire play occupies, as a descendant of Sterne's critic with the "stop-watch" at the LYCEUM discovered, no less than five hours and forty minutes. Even so great an enthusiast as Mr. Benson did not venture to ask his patrons to sit out so long a performance, but beginning at half-past three in the afternoon allowed them midway in the play an interval of an hour and a half for dinner. The impracticability of the full text under ordinary conditions may therefore be considered as admitted. It has, for example, been customary to suppress altogether young Fortinbras, or to introduce him momentarily in the last scene in a manner unintelligible to one who had not read the play. Yet nothing is clearer than the fact that it was the poet's intention to contrast throughout the play the meditative and irresolute Prince of Denmark with Norway's warlike son, the destined successor to the throne of Denmark. Hamlet himself combats them in that most characteristic of all his soliloquies, beginning "How all occasions do inform against me." The very key to the character of the young Prince of Denmark lies in this remarkable speech; but the occasion of the soliloquy is the appearance of Fortinbras at the head of a detachment of his troops. Mr. Benson's company, as everyone knows, is not what is called a star company, but it is a studious and a well-trained troupe of comedians, and great credit is due to them for their performance.

W. M. T.



The Lord Mayor received the news of the relief of Ladysmith at the Mansion House shortly before ten o'clock on Thursday morning, when a considerable crowd had already assembled in Walbrook in the expectation that some announcement of unusual moment was about to be posted outside. From the open window of the Venetian Parlour the Lord Mayor, waving his hand to command silence, announced "Ladysmith is relieved," and an immense cheer greeted the intelligence. An enormous crowd at once congregated outside the Mansion House, and it was with great difficulty that an official, protected by the police, hung the notice-board containing a copy of Sir Redvers Buller's telegram on the wall. The cheering was renewed when the terms of the communication were read, and the mob became so dense that vehicular traffic was entirely stopped and

was, in fact, never resumed throughout the entire day. In response to continuous demands for a speech, the Lord Mayor again came forward, and, addressing the crowd, said:—"Fellow citizens,—This news of the relief of Ladysmith makes our hearts leap with joy. We are now satisfied that at last our sacrifice of blood and treasure is not in vain." The crowd sang "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," and "Soldiers of the Queen" time after time, and nothing could induce them to disperse. Meanwhile, the Union Jack was hoisted on the roof of the Mansion House, and the banks and surrounding premises hung out the national flag.

THE NEWS OF THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH: THE DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE MANSION HOUSE

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



The Strand presented a strange sight on the night of Thursday last week. Londoners were seen in a new light; and it was difficult to realise that they were Londoners, so wildly enthusiastic and demonstrative was everybody. The scene was the more exhilarating as the display of wild and unrestrained delight was entirely unorganised and spontaneous. The crowds marched hither and thither, holding high carnival. They carried flags, streamers, and parti-coloured bladders, they wore paper helmets, they shouted and sang, and enthusiasts from the East End even dressed up their ponies in grotesque attire. It was a night to be remembered.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH: ONE WAY OF SHOWING THEIR PATRIOTISM: A SKETCH IN THE STRAND

DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

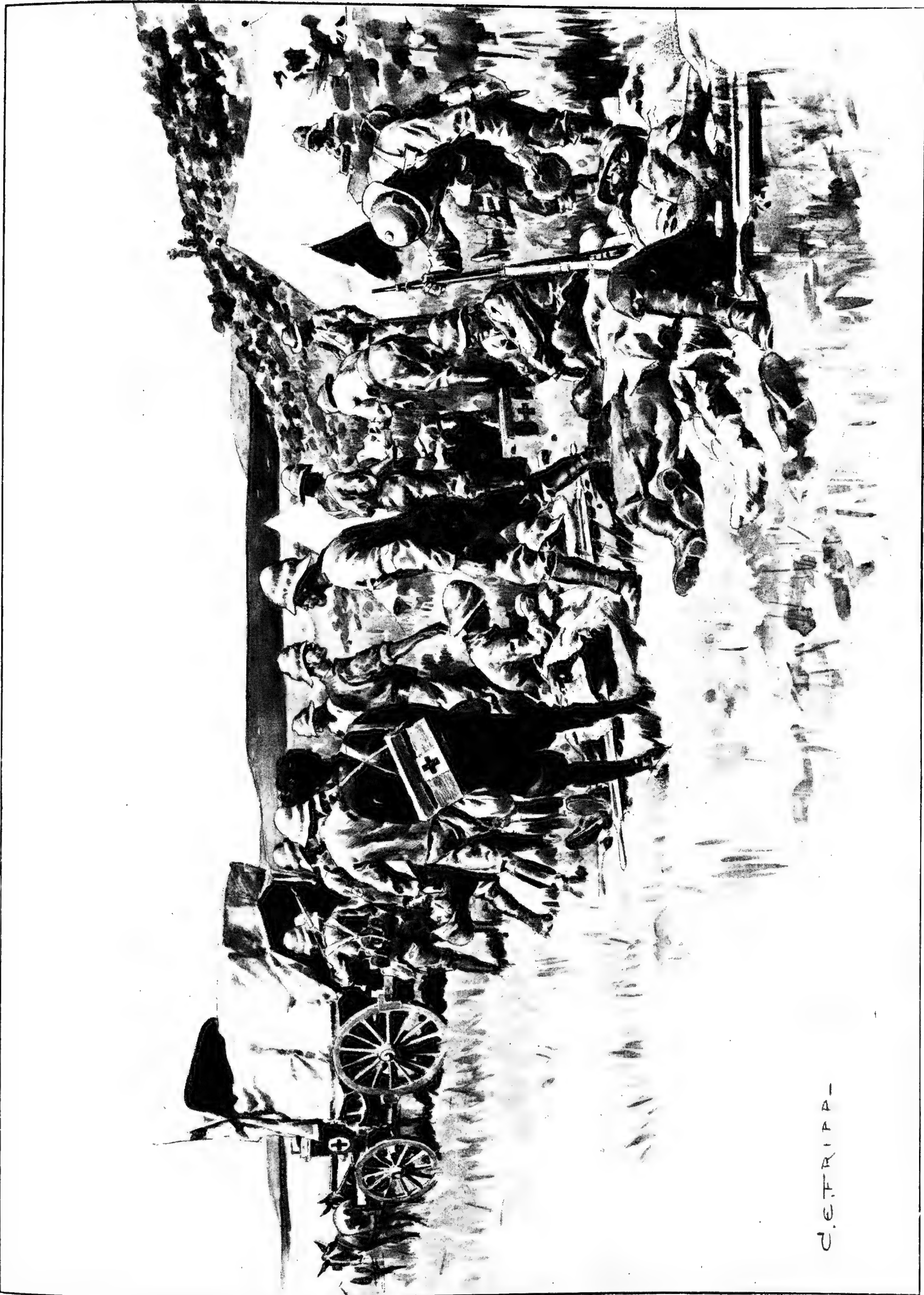


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT A. C. GIRDWOOD

A correspondent writes:—"The veldt does not afford a scrap of shade during the heat of the day, and the sun is well-nigh intolerable. However, soldiers are seldom at a loss how to remedy an inconvenience and to make themselves happy anywhere; so, with a blanket and a few rifles, excellent temporary shelters are easily made."

WITH LORD METHUEN ON THE MODDER: THE ONLY SHADE ON THE VELDT



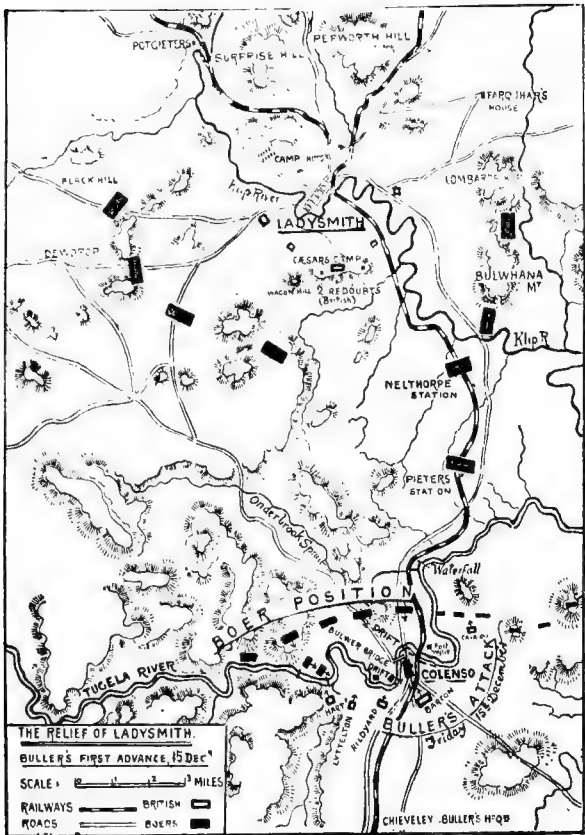
C. E. F. R. P. A.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

are placed at points where some shelter is obtainable. From the "collecting stations" they are removed as quickly as possible to the field hospital, where they remain usually a day before removal to the base hospital

When a man drops out wounded, the Army Medical Corps' men pick him up and take him to the nearest "collecting station," where he is attended to as quickly as possible. From the "collecting station" the wounded are taken to "collecting stations," which are placed at points where some shelter is obtainable. From the "collecting stations" they are removed as quickly as possible to the field hospital, where they remain usually a day before removal to the base hospital

HOW THE WOUNDED ARE TENDED ON THE BATTLEFIELD: AT A COLLECTING STATION



Sir Redvers Buller's first attempt to advance to the relief of Ladysmith is shown in the above map. It was on December 15 that he made the direct front attack on the Boer position at Colenso, with the Brigades of Generals Hart, Lyttelton, Hildyard, and Barton; Hart on the left, Barton on the right, and Hildyard with half Lyttelton's Brigade between them. The battery of four big naval guns shelled the Boer position from the heights behind Hildyard's Brigade, and the naval 12-pounders were posted about a mile further in advance. The 63rd and 64th Field Batteries were in action to the left beyond Hart, and the 14th and 66th Batteries to the right beyond Hildyard. These two batteries, the 14th and 66th, were taken too near to the river trenches of the enemy, which were skillfully concealed, the Boers who occupied them lying low and making no sign until the batteries had unlimbered. Then the horses and most of the gunners and officers were shot down by a sudden hail of rifle and shrapnel fire. After performing prodigies of valour the artillerymen had to abandon the guns. On receipt of this disastrous news Sir Redvers Buller gave the order to retire, and the whole force returned to the headquarters camp at Chieveley.

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

"For this Relief, Much Thanks"

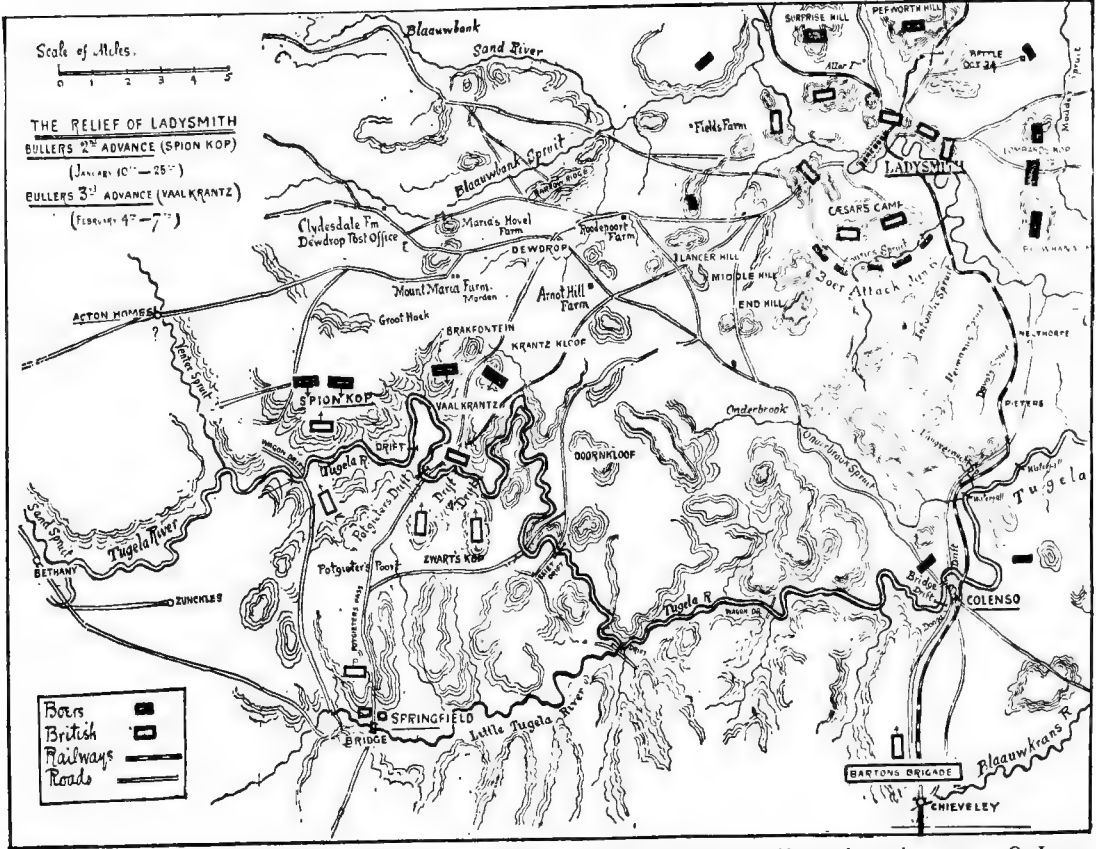
THE relief of Lucknow freed all England from an agony of dread; but the joy with which the news was received was nothing to the jubilation shown by the entire British people when at last they heard of the relief of Ladysmith after a vigorous siege of 118 days, or four long months. At the time of Lucknow we were still little more than an insular people. But Ladysmith found us in the position of a world-wide race already united by the battle-blood bonds of Imperial federation, infinitely more cohesive than mere paper treaties—a federation which, as expressed at least by popular and princely sympathy in India itself, may be said to have also included our dusky-skinned antagonists of Delhi and Cawnpore; and a shout of gladness arose throughout the entire dominions of the Queen on its becoming known that British endurance and British valour had at last availed to save the Empire from the detriment and the shame of a huge military disaster on the plains of Natal. The Queen only made herself, as she always does, the mouthpiece of her entire people when she hastened to telegraph to Sir Redvers Buller, who had at last effected the relief of Ladysmith: "Thank God for news you have telegraphed to me; congratulate you, and all under you, with all my heart;" and to Sir George White, who had defended the place with such splendid bravery and endurance: "Thank God that you, and all those with you, are safe after your long and trying siege, borne with such heroism."

Cost of the "Entanglement"

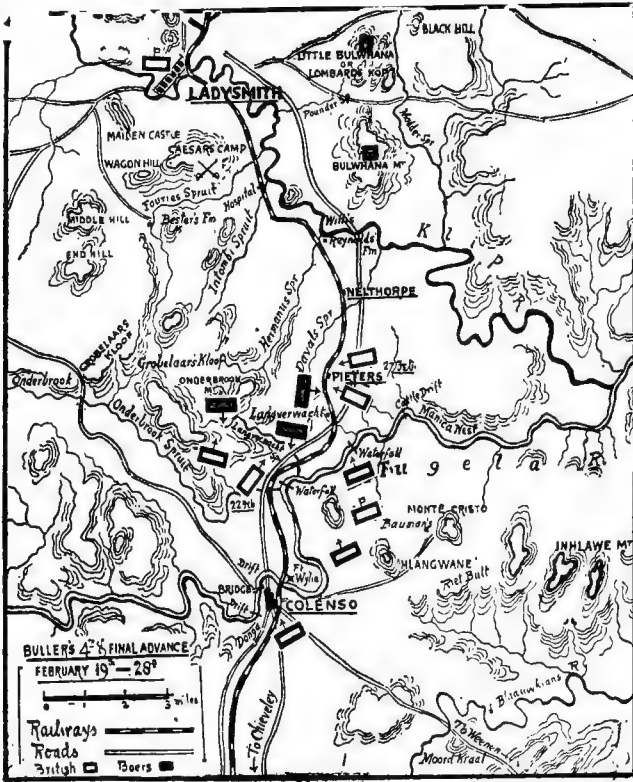
In spite, however, of all the dogged bravery and endurance of Buller and his men, the chief honours of Ladysmith must rest with those who defended rather than with those who relieved the town, though the greater losses fell to the latter. The number of positive combatants at the disposal of Buller for the relief of Ladysmith—one of the most inherently difficult tasks which ever fell to the lot of a soldier—was about 24,000 men, which was just the number of British troops in the army (68,000) of Wellington at Waterloo; and as at this battle the British lost close on 7,000 in killed and wounded, so Buller sacrificed about 5,000 men—killed, wounded and missing—in his four attempts to join hands with Sir George White—a figure which, if supplemented by the various losses of the Ladysmith garrison itself, gives us an aggregate of loss equal to about the human price we paid for the overthrow of Napoleon. Nor does this bill of costs for the "entanglement of Ladysmith" include the slaughter lists of Glencoe, Elands Laagte and the other engagements which immediately preceded and led up to its investment.

The Boers Retire

With the enclosure of Cronje the most pressing object of the war—from the Boer point of view—had become not the siege of Ladysmith, but the succouring of the Free State; and with the capitulation of his colleague on the Modder River, which he doubtless heard of as soon as we did—that is, several hours after the event—Joubert must have at once discerned that there was nothing further to detain him on the Klip. Hence it is just possible that he did not fight the battle of Pieters with the dogged obstinacy which he might have displayed had he not heard of the surrender of Paardeberg, and that he regarded this battle more in the nature of a half-hearted rearguard action to enable him to effect a leisurely retreat with all his guns and baggage than in the light of a desperate resistance on which he staked all his chances of barring Buller's relieving road. This hypothesis is all the more probable as we know from Buller himself, writing on March 2, that Joubert "had begun to pack his waggons six days ago, moving them to the north of Ladysmith," which he is not likely to have done unless he had foreseen the likelihood of



Almost a month elapsed after the check received by Sir Redvers Buller at Colenso before he was able to make another attempt. On January 10 Lord Dundonald's cavalry moved off to Springfield on the west of the British camp at Chieveley, and in a few days they had seized a drift or ford over the Tugela called Pottgieter's Drift. The hilly district on either side of the river lying east and west of this drift was the field of operations of Buller's next two attempts to force his way to Ladysmith, past the formidable trenches and gun positions which the Boers constructed with the same skill as they had shown in fortifying the impregnable position at Colenso. It is certain that many days before Buller's new move by way of Pottgieter's Drift, the Boers were well aware of his intentions. When, therefore, on January 23-24, the troops of Warren's Division had gallantly climbed the Spion Kop Mountain on the enemy's side of the river, they found its flat summit was commanded by guns and trenches, and, after clinging to the position a whole day, the force was eventually compelled to retire across the river. Ten days later another attempt was made in the same district a little lower down the river, and with the same gallantly the ridge of Vaal Krantz was occupied. The timely service rendered by the war balloon, which reported that the Boer gun positions and trenches beyond Vaal Krantz were extremely formidable, led to a retirement from this position; also, as Sir Redvers Buller recognised that no advance could be made on that line without a very great sacrifice of life, which, considering the smallness of the army which he commanded, he did not feel justified in incurring, the whole force again retired, fortunately without active molestation by the enemy, to the camp at Chieveley.



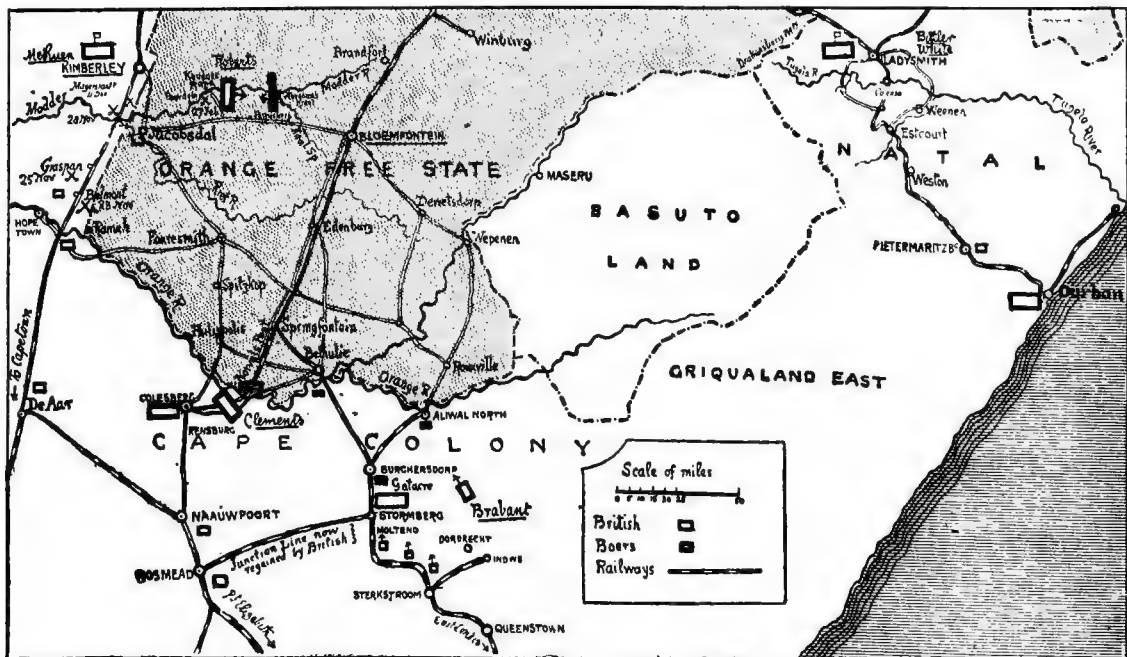
After another interval of recuperation and re-concentration at Chieveley, Buller began on February 22 the fourth and final attempt for the relief of Ladysmith, this time on and near the old battle-ground of December 15. An account of General Buller's success and the Relief of Ladysmith is given in Mr. Lowe's article.

events in the Free State compelling him to modify his plan of campaign in Natal and to prepare for all emergencies.

Buller's Bulldog Courage

General Buller meantime had determined to make a fourth attempt to reach Ladysmith by the route which his military critics said he ought to have selected at the very first. To many it had been incomprehensible why Buller should ever have essayed to cross the Tugela while leaving some hills on its south side, dominating the Colenso position, in the hands of the Boers, and now he set himself to the initial capture of those mountains. This done, he crossed the river about Colenso—for the fourth time—but soon found that he had done so a little too high up, and that he had got his men mixed up in a maze of kopjes, krantzies, schanzes, dongas, spruits, and other natural predicaments, which made it impossible for the men to go on, or only to advance in accordance with the Zulu maxim, "If we go forward we die; if we go backward we die; better go forward and die."

Most of them, therefore, he withdrew once more across the Tugela, but only in order to seek a more convenient spot further down; and this time, hitting upon the true line of advance, he burst forward again—the Lancashire and the Irish Brigades carrying all before them, turning the Boer flank and seizing their main position on Pieter's Hill on the anniversary of Majuba Hill—but with a loss of over 1,100 in the few days' fighting. No wonder that the Queen heard with "the deepest concern of the heavy losses sustained by my brave Irish soldiers. I desire to express my sympathy, and my admiration of the splendid fighting qualities which they have exhibited throughout these trying operations." No wonder, also, that a worthy suggestion was at once made, which found support in the *Times*, that the exceeding bravery of those gallant Irish soldiers should find fitting and enduring recognition in the formation of a regiment of Irish Guards to take their long-desired place beside the English and Scots household troops of the Queen. On the next



The above map shows the present position of the four British Armies in South Africa. On the East, in Natal, Buller and White have joined hands at Ladysmith, and that colony is reported to be entirely free from the enemy. In the Cape Colony the tide of Boer invasion, which was stemmed by the armies of Gatacre and French at Stormberg and at Rensburg, is now receding. The impregnable position of Stormberg has been evacuated by the enemy in consequence of General Brabant's operations at Dordrecht and Jamestown, by which the Boer rear was threatened. Gatacre's force now occupies the position in the attack of which, on December 10, he suffered so severe a reverse. Further west General Clements has been able to re-occupy Colesberg, the Boers having retired to the Orange River, where, at Norval's Pont, they are said to be still in some force. On the Western frontier of the Orange Free State Lord Roberts's advance upon Bloemfontein is barred by a Boer force of unknown strength. Lord Roberts is at Osofontein, a position on the Modder River, a few miles east of the scene of Cronje's stand. The Boers are in position on both sides of the river, at no great distance from the British front.

day, February 28, after the battle of Pieter's Hill, Lord Dundonald, with some of his mounted infantry, pushed forward to meet the enemy, and, finding none—much to their surprise—pressed on and entered Ladysmith as the shades of night were beginning to fall. "It is difficult to say," said one observer, "which showed the greatest pleasure, the relieved or the relievers. The latter were cheered wildly all through the town. General Buller was mobbed by the joyful crowd, and though he attempted to speak, he was unable, on account of his own emotion and the madness of the cheering of those surrounding. Finally he was obliged to utter a few words. Then cheers were given for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, for General White, for General Buller, Lord Roberts, for everyone."

P.thetic Scenes

Next day Buller himself rode in with his Staff from Nelthorpe, and meeting between him "and Sir George White was eminently characteristic. It might have been a chance meeting on a field of battle. There was no cheering, no demonstration. In the hands may be playing, people cheering, and flags flying, but here officers are saluting punctiliously and greeting comrades as though they had met in Piccadilly." The same American writer, Mr. Harding Davis, of the *Daily Mail*, describing the subsequent entry of the relieving army, wired, "That it was one of the most splendid and most moving spectacles I have ever witnessed. It was as affecting as the Jubilee procession as magnificent as the Tsar's entry into Moscow, as full of enthusiasm as Admiral Dewey's welcome to New York. Twenty-two thousand Tommies—lance, foot, and the gunners, Irregular Horse, Colonials, bluejackets and



LORD DUNDONALD
The force was the first to enter Ladysmith

bluejackets and tanned, caked with mud and bloodstains, dragged as sweeps—passed for three full hours before General White, cheering, laughing, shouting and tossing their helmets. The emaciated, yellow-faced garrison, whose loose khaki told of the works of starvation, cheered them in return."

The Fruits of Suffering

With provisions and delicacies at exorbitant prices, and with the place in such a dreadfully insanitary state, in spite of all hygienic measures, owing mainly to the poisoning of the Klip River by all the refuse and putridity of the Boer camp, it was not wondered that the nurses with the relieving army found many as 800 cases of typhoid in the town, and that Sir George White's garrison had been reduced to such a degree of debility by its dreadful privations that it could only muster about 1,000 men, including the Gordon Highlanders and a couple of batteries, of which some of the horses dropped dead in the attempt to pursue and harass the retreating Boers as far as Elands Laagte, of glorious memory, on the northward line of way. But this pursuit, beyond establishing the fact that the Boers had loaded up all their rolling stock and got clean away, after blowing up the bridges, resulted in little else than the falling into our hands of some of their ambulances full of sick and wounded. In their camps around Ladysmith the Boers had left considerable quantities of stores and ammunition of all kinds lying about, but their guns they had managed to take away with them—all save two. In a day or so General Buller was able to report that all the Boers of Joubert had practically cleared out of Natal, leaving the conjoined armies



GENERAL BRABANT
of the South African Mounted Brigade

and White to pursue the work of recuperation and consolidation necessitated by the further course of the campaign.

Other Features of the Campaign

Lord Roberts at the time of writing these lines was at Osfontein, to the east of Paardeberg, to deal with a new concentration of the Boers on the Modder, the despatch northward from the flying column with the probable object of relieving the gradual withdrawal beyond the Orange River of the fronting Clements at Colesberg. General Gatacre has at last been sent—Brabant, the "ever-victorious" Colonial has been successfully operating at Dordrecht, great quantities of live stock and other booty falling to the latter. His successful bit of fighting by the laws of the Boer's own game, the whole during the last week the war has everywhere proved favourable to the cause of our arms, showing that the masterly strategy of Lord Roberts, resulting in the capture of Cronje—not carried with it as a direct and inevitable consequence the relief of Ladysmith, but also the gradual relief of Cape Colony from the presence of its Boer invaders. The present object of those who are to concentrate against our advance through the Free State, we shall apparently not have to wait long for the result of Lord Roberts's counter-schemes.

Portrait of Lord Dundonald is by Robert Faulkner and Co., Baker Street.

Diary of the Siege and Relief of Ladysmith

THE time allowed for the insulting ultimatum from the Transvaal which rendered war inevitable expired on October 11. The next day the Boers began to invade Natal by Laing's Nek and Tintoa Pass, and on the 14th they occupied Newcastle. On our side General Sir George White was at Ladysmith with about 9,000 men, while some thirty-five miles north-east of that place, at Glencoe, was Major-General Sir W. P. Symons with some four to five thousand troops. All was ready, but neither side at first seemed anxious to begin the contest which was to lead to the long siege and subsequent relief of Ladysmith. The first shots on this side of the field of operations were fired on October 18. The following diary gives a bird's-eye view of the war on the Ladysmith side:—

- 1899
OCTOBER 18 Cavalry patrols from Ladysmith became engaged with the Free State Boers near Besters, and gradually fell back on Ladysmith.
- 19 Trivial skirmishes, and the railway between Glencoe and Ladysmith at Elands Laagte cut by Boers.
- 20 Battle of Dundee.—The Boers under Lucas Meyer, numbering about 9,000, began their attack on Glencoe Camp. The Boer position at Talana Hill was captured, and the enemy were routed with the loss of about 500 killed and wounded, and four guns captured. Our losses were 12 officers and 35 men killed, and 21 officers and 163 men wounded. General Sir W. P. Symons was mortally wounded, and General Yule succeeded to the command. After the battle, the 18th Hussars and Mounted Infantry pursued the enemy, and pushing on too far, were taken prisoners.
- 21 Battle of Elands Laagte.—With the view to enabling General Yule to retreat on Ladysmith, General White attacked the Boer position at Elands Laagte, which severed Dundee from Ladysmith. The direction of the fight was left in the hands of General French. After a prolonged artillery duel, the infantry attacked the Boer position and carried it. The cavalry charged the retreating Boers three times. The Boer camp, with two guns, tents, waggons and horses, and 250 prisoners were taken—among the prisoners being General Koch and Commandant Schiel. Our losses amounted to 6 officers and 49 men killed, and 29 officers and 173 men wounded.
- 22 Evacuation of Dundee.—General Yule evacuated the Dundee-Glencoe position, and fell back in a southerly direction as a first step towards retreating on Ladysmith. He was obliged to leave his wounded, who could not be moved, behind under medical charge. Sir George White, who had received reinforcements in order to cover General Yule's flank march, moved out to Rietfontein (five miles north) to hold a Free State column in check.
- 23 Battle of Rietfontein.—General White, to cover General Yule's right flank, first engaged the Boer force at Rietfontein, and drove them back in a westerly direction. Our losses were 1 officer and 12 men killed, and 5 officers and 96 men wounded, and 2 men missing.
- 24 General Sir W. P. Symons died from his wounds at Dundee.
- 25 General Yule's column reached Ladysmith. Concentration there completed.
- 26 Brush with the Boers at Lombard's Kop.
- 27 Sir George White, with a strong force, moved out to meet the Boer forces under General Joubert. The enemy were found to be strongly entrenched to the north-west of Ladysmith. After an interchange of shots the Boers retired towards Elands Laagte.
- 28 Battle at Farquhar's Farm. The Boers shelled Ladysmith, but being attacked by Sir George White at Farquhar's Farm, were driven back. But a detached force, consisting of the 10th Mountain Battery, four and a-half companies of the Gloucestershire Regiment, and six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton, who had moved on the previous night, got caught in the hills at Nicholson's Nek owing to the stampeding of the ammunition mules, and the whole force, after a desperate resistance, were obliged to surrender when their ammunition was exhausted. Our total casualties were: Killed, 6 officers and 57 men; wounded, 10 officers and 221 men; and missing, 38 officers and 977 men.
- 29 The Naval Brigade, with guns from H.M.S. *Powerful*, reached Ladysmith, and immediately were employed against the heavy guns of the Boers.
- 30 Artillery duel continued. General Koch, who was taken prisoner at Elands Laagte, died. Sir Redvers Buller arrived at Cape Town.
- NOVEMBER 1 Women and children in Ladysmith sent south.
- 2 Telegraphic communication with Ladysmith interrupted. Lieutenant Egerton, R.N., of H.M.S. *Powerful*, wounded. General Joubert wrote protesting against the use of lyddite shell. Investment of Ladysmith by the Boers practically complete.
- 3 Action at Besters. General French, with cavalry and field artillery, captured Boer laager at Besters. General French afterwards left for Cape Town in the last train to go from Ladysmith.
- 4 A force under Colonel Brocklehurst successfully engaged for several hours with the enemy. Our losses on the 2nd and 3rd were 3 officers killed and 2 wounded, and 10 N.C.O.'s and men killed.
- 5 General Joubert sent into Ladysmith 99 (10 officers and 89 men) wounded. Complaints of Boers treacherously firing on flags of truce confirmed by Sir George White.
- 6 Colenso shelled by the Boers and evacuated by the British, who fell back to Estcourt. The Boers were thus left in possession of the railway, and Ladysmith was completely cut off.
- 7 Sir George White telegraphed "Position entirely safe."
- 8 Boers attacked Ladysmith, and were repulsed with great loss. At noon the Naval Brigade fired a salute of 21 guns, in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, directed on the enemy's works.
- 9 Sortie from Estcourt. Boers drawn from their position and repulsed with considerable loss.
- 10 and 11 Armoured train reconnaissance discovered that the Boers were gradually approaching Estcourt. A party of the enemy tearing up the line at Chieveley driven back on the 13th.
- 12 Successful sortie from Ladysmith in the direction of Colenso, and the enemy repulsed.
- 13 Armoured train disaster near Chieveley. An armoured train, while reconnoitring, was derailed and shelled by the Boers near Chieveley. Our losses were 1 killed, 21 wounded, and 63 taken prisoner, among the list being Mr. Winston Churchill, war correspondent of the *Morning Post*.
- 14 Bridge over the Tugela destroyed by the Boers.
- 15 Boers, under Botha, with guns at Ennersdale, five miles N.W. of Estcourt.
- 16 Boers attacked Estcourt, but were repulsed.
- 17 Estcourt under General Hildyard isolated, the Boers having occupied Highlands Station on the railway to the south.
- 18 The Boers shelled General Barton's camp on the Mooi River. General Hildyard moved out of Estcourt at night on a reconnaissance in force.
- 19 Action at Willow Grange. The Boers were driven from their position on Beacon Hill. Our losses were 13 killed, 67 wounded, and 9 missing.
- 20 Boers retiring on Weenen towards Ladysmith.
- 21 Sir Redvers Buller, having reached Natal, arrived at the front, and the British force, now largely reinforced, advanced to Frere, a station on the line between Estcourt and Colenso.
- 22 A reconnaissance of the Boer position at Colenso was made, and the enemy were to be concentrated there to dispute our further advance.
- DECEMBER 6 General Schalk Burger reported to have succeeded General Joubert in command of the Boers round Ladysmith. Boers reported to be persisting in bombarding the hospital at Ladysmith, killing and wounding patients and medical attendants.
- 7 Successful sortie from Ladysmith. General Hunter made a night attack, and surprised the Boers on Gun Hill. Two of the enemy's guns were destroyed and a Maxim was captured, with the loss of only 1 killed and an officer wounded.
- 8 At dawn the Cavalry Brigade made a sortie from Ladysmith to the N.E., in which the 18th Hussars lost 2 killed and 17 wounded.
- 9 Night sortie from Ladysmith. Lieutenant-Colonel Metcalfe, with 500 men of the 2nd Rifle Brigade and some sappers, made a sortie to capture Surprise Hill. They reached the crest of the hill undiscovered and destroyed the howitzer mounted there. On their return they found their way barred by the enemy, but forced their way through with the bayonet. Our losses: Killed, 2 officers and 11 men; wounded,

- 3 officers and 41 men; and 6 men of the Rifle Brigade left in charge of the wounded taken prisoners. The Boers lost heavily.
- 11 Casualties in Ladysmith up to date: 5 officers wounded; 19 rank and file killed or died; and 48 wounded. Relief Column under Sir Redvers Buller ready to advance.
- 12 The Union Brigade (English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Fusiliers) began the advance on Colenso from Frere.
- 13 British guns open on the Boer position at Colenso.
- 14 Artillery fire continued.
- 15 Sir Redvers Buller failed to force the passage of the Tugela near Colenso with heavy loss, including 10 guns abandoned and 1 one destroyed by shell. 8 officers and 137 men were killed, and 42 officers and 658 men were wounded, while missing and prisoners numbered 16 officers and 204 men. This was the biggest loss that had then been recorded in the war. A gallant effort was made to save the guns, for which Captain Congreve, Captain H. L. Reed, Lieutenant the Hon. F. S. Roberts, and Corporal Nurse were recommended for the V.C. Lieutenant Roberts was wounded, and died soon after the battle.
- 16 General Joubert reported to have resumed command of the Boer forces North of the Tugela.
- 17 Casualties reported from Ladysmith: 9 killed and 18 wounded. Total casualties of the siege up to date: 70 killed and 236 wounded.
- 18 Captain C. J. Kirkwood and Captain C. M. Grenfell, of the South African Light Horse, captured by Boers near Chieveley while inspecting patrols.
- 19 Christmas Day tacitly observed as a truce.
- 20 Casualties reported at Ladysmith from Boer bombardment: 2 officers killed and 6 wounded.
- 21 The daily bombardment of Ladysmith growing heavier. Shell fire reported almost continuous. Our casualties slight.
1900.
JANUARY 1 A squadron of South African Light Horse and a party of Thorneycroft's Horse surprised a body of Boers who were trying to cut off an outpost near the Tugela east of Colenso. The Boers lost 5 killed and 3 wounded. Our men retired without loss. The enemy round Ladysmith celebrated the New Year and the anniversary of the Jameson Raid with a nocturnal salute, all their guns firing into the town.
- 2 Reconnaissance made towards Hlangwane Hill without loss.
- 3 The Boers made most determined attacks on Ladysmith. Fighting lasted from dawn until 7.30 p.m. The chief points attacked were Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill. The enemy were repulsed at all points. Boer side suffered severely. Reconnaissance by General Clerly towards Colenso.
- 4 Sir Redvers Buller crossed the Little Tugela and occupied the south bank of the Tugela at Potgieter's Drift, about seventeen miles west of Colenso.
- 5 and 6 The Tugela crossed by General Lyttelton's Brigade at Potgieter's Drift, and by Sir Charles Warren's Division at Waggon Drift, six miles further to the west.
- 7 Lord Dundonald, with a mounted force, came into collision with the Boers to the west of Acton Homes. Our losses were 1 officer and 3 men wounded. The Boers lost a Field Cornet and 20 killed and wounded and 15 prisoners.
- 8 Action at Venter's Spruit. Sir Charles Warren began to advance towards Spion Kop. General Clerly came into action against the Boers near Venter's Spruit, which is close to Trichard's Drift. The action was warmly contested, and lasted thirteen hours. General Clerly captured ridge after ridge, and bivouacked on the ground he had gained. Our losses were 2 officers killed and 11 wounded, and 290 men killed and wounded.
- 9 Message from Ladysmith stating that the place was practically impregnable.
- 10 Capture of Spion Kop. Sir Charles Warren's force having maintained their ground in front of Spion Kop, it was resolved to attack the Boer position on the hill at night. Accordingly, the garrison was surprised and fled, and our men occupied the height.
- 11 Abandonment of Spion Kop. At dawn the Boers began heavily to shell our men, causing considerable losses. The position was held tenaciously all day, during the whole of which there was continuous fighting. At night the position was found to be untenable, and a retirement was ordered. Our casualties for two days' fighting at Spion Kop were: Killed, 27 officers, 177 N.C.O.'s and men; wounded, 33 officers, and 670 men, while 101 were returned as missing. Besides these, there were the following casualties with General Lyttelton's force reported: 2 officers killed and 14 wounded, that force having made a demonstration in the hope of diverting the enemy's attention from Spion Kop.
- 12—27 Sir Charles Warren's force recrossed the Tugela without any losses.
- FEBRUARY 5 The Tugela crossed again. Early in the morning a feint was made on the side of Potgieter's Drift. When the enemy's attention was sufficiently occupied our troops withdrew. Meanwhile, the Engineers threw a pontoon bridge over the river, and General Lyttelton's Brigade crossed over. The heights of Vaal Krantz were captured at the point of the bayonet.
- 6 The difficulty of our position became apparent. It was enfiladed by Spion Kop and Doornkloof, on both of which the Boers had heavy guns. The enemy made a desperate effort to recover their position, but were driven off.
- 7 Evacuation of Vaal Krantz. The number of the enemy's guns brought to bear on our position at Vaal Krantz, and the revelation through the operation of a balloon, that the position was a veritable deathtrap, enforced the wisdom of a retreat. The order was given, and once more our men withdrew from the height they had taken.
- 8 The Tugela recrossed again. By this date all our troops had recrossed to the south side of the river.
- 9 Skirmish near Rustenburg. A squadron of the 1st Dragoons, when moving into outpost line, covering the camp at Springfield, met a party of Boers at Rustenburg. The latter getting to the crest of the hill first opened a heavy fire on the squadron, which had to retire. Reinforcements were sent out, and the Boers were driven back. Our casualties were 1 officer and 5 men wounded, and 1 officer and 6 men taken prisoners. On the same day Lord Dundonald made a reconnaissance to Hussar Hill, south of Hlangwane.
- 10 Capture of Cingolo Hill. After two days' comparative inaction our men attacked Cingolo, a wooded hill, part of a high range east of Hlangwane, running north-west to the Tugela. The infantry, by a flanking movement to the right, gained and swept along the top of the hill, and by the evening the whole position on the hill was ours.
- 11 Capture of Monte Cristo. General Lyttelton's division, by a brilliant converging movement, drove the Boers from this height, and routed them.
- 12 Capture of Hlangwane. The successes of the previous day rendered the Boer position at Hlangwane untenable, and it was captured by the Fusilier Brigade. The Boers evacuated the hill, and left a large camp behind them.
- 13 Reoccupation of Colenso. Hlangwane, the position commanding Colenso, having been taken, the Boers had evacuated Colenso and withdrawn to the north side of the Tugela. General Hart occupied the town after slight resistance.
- 14 The 5th Division crossed the Tugela at Colenso, and drove back the enemy's rear guard. The first brigade across the river having proceeded to reconnoitre Grobler's Kloof and were suddenly met by a heavy fusillade at short range. The Somerset lost 100 killed and wounded, including 3 officers, before our men retired.
- 15 Advance continued. The Boers' position at Grobler's Kloof attacked. Our men fought their way to within a few hundred yards of the enemy's position. Losses on both sides were very heavy.
- 16 Heavy shell fire from the enemy on Grobler's Kloof, described as the most effective since the battle of Spion Kop. The Boers made an effort to capture our Howitzer Battery, but failed.
- 17 Armistice for the removal of wounded and burial of the dead.
- 18 Finding the passage of Langewachte Spruit commanded by strong entrenchments, Sir Redvers Buller sent his guns and baggage back to the south side of the Tugela, and found a new crossing.
- 19 Assault on Pieter's Hill. General Barton, with two battalions of the 6th Brigade and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, crept about a mile and a half down the banks of the river, and ascending an almost precipitous cliff of about 500 feet, assaulted and carried Pieter's Hill. This hill (also called Railway Hill), to a certain extent, turned the enemy's left, and the 4th Brigade, under Colonel Norcott, and the 11th Brigade, under Colonel Kitchener, assailed the enemy's main position, which was magnificently carried by the South Lancashires about sunset. Sixty prisoners were taken, and the enemy were scattered in all directions. Our casualties about 200.
- 20 Ladysmith reached. Lord Dundonald, with Natal Carbineers and a composite regiment, entered Ladysmith at night. The country between Buller's main force and Ladysmith reported clear of Boers.
- MARCH 1 Reception of the news of the relief of Ladysmith in London. Great rejoicings through the country. Sir Redvers Buller visited Ladysmith.



DRAWN BY W. MATTHEWS, R.I.

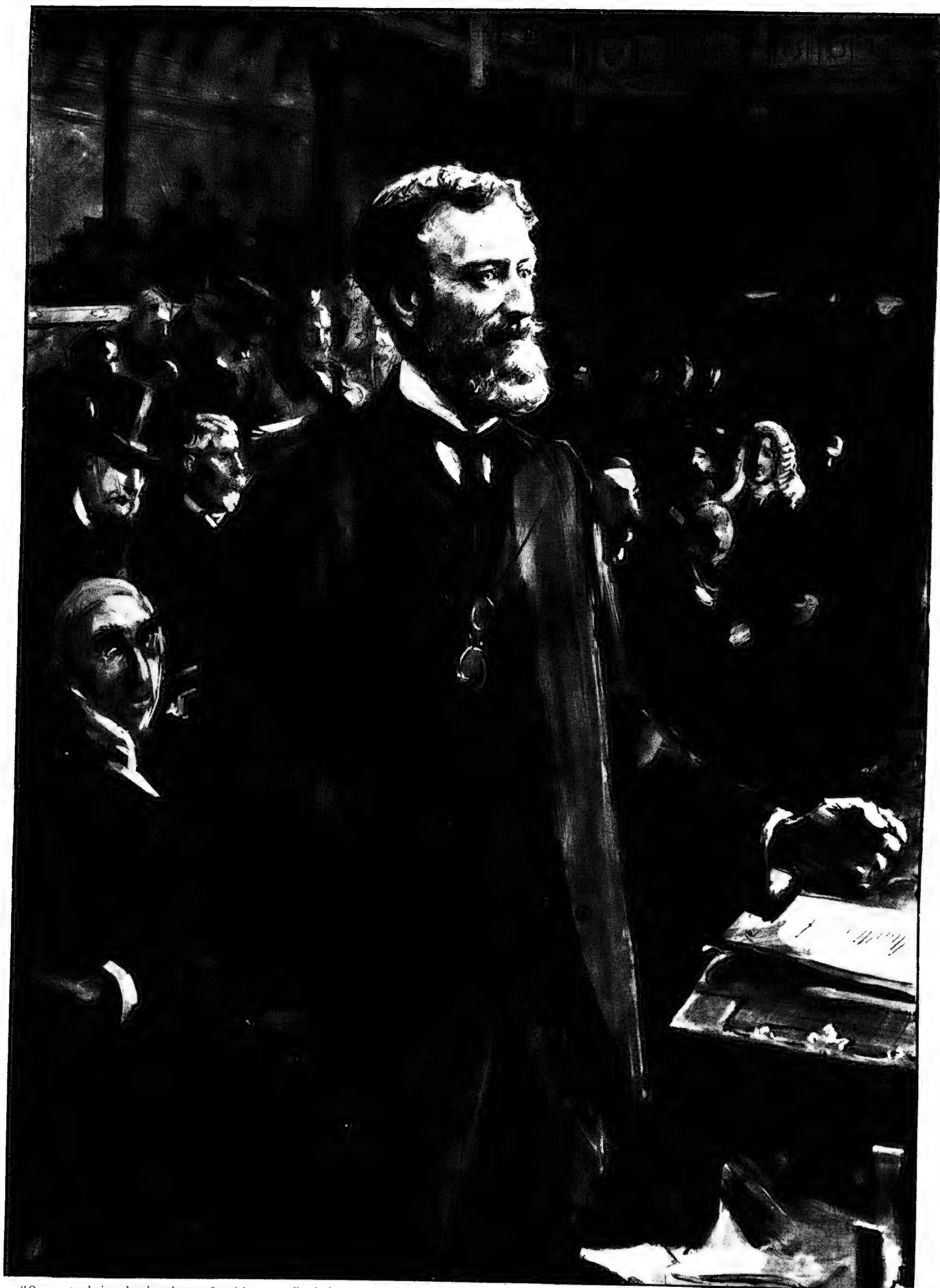
The following is a copy of the Order of the Day issued by the Commander-in-Chief on the 2nd inst.:

rough country, and the admirable manner in which the guns have been worked, have earned general admiration. While working bravely with General Buller's force they rendered valuable service in preventing the enemy from obtaining their heavy cannon. The following telegram has

been sent to the Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope station by the Board of Admiralty:—
"The Lords of the Admiralty desire to express to the Naval and Marine officers and the Bluejackets and Marines who have been engaged in the successful operations in Natal and Cape

Colony their sense of their great admiration of the splendid manner in which they have upheld the traditions of the Service, and added to its reputation for resourcefulness, courage, and loyalty."

NEARING LADYSMITH: BLUEJACKETS HAULING UP A BIG GUN



"Our great colonies, though perhaps at first sight not so directly interested in this war as ourselves, have eagerly taxed themselves in men and money for the cause of the Empire. (Cheers.) Shall we, who sit at home at ease, show ourselves at such a moment financial cowards? (Cheers.) Shall we confess to the world that the cost of a few months of war frightened us out of a financial policy which we know to be sound? There is one thing on which the great majority of this nation has made

up its mind, and that is that, at whatever cost, this war shall be prosecuted to a successful termination. (Cheers.) To-day we ask you to provide means to fulfil that mandate of the people. We leave the request in your hands with confidence, feeling sure that the House of Commons will grudge no effort and shrink from no sacrifice which the honour of our country and our duty to the Empire demand." (Loud cheers.)

THE WAR BUDGET: SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH MAKING HIS STATEMENT

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

It seems only the other day I heard the Chancellor of the Exchequer, standing at the table of the House of Commons, prostrate with bated breath, without a flush of honest pride on his countenance, that the National Expenditure to be provided for in the new Budget exceeded 100 million pounds sterling. That seemed the time to touch topless towers of the Ilium of finance. There is nothing like it in the world, unless it were the revenue possible in meeting it. On Monday night Sir M. Hicks-Beach, standing at the same table, announced that the estimated expenditure for the coming year exceeds 154 millions! By this time the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the House have grown so accustomed to the daily increment of expenditure that mention of this colossal sum does not cause a ripple of emotion along the crowded benches.

With equal indifference, both of assurance that the matter would be put right, the House learned that the estimated revenue on current basis of taxation stood at a trifle below 116 millions, leaving a deficit of 37 millions. This, added to a deficit from last year of 17 millions and three-quarters and a margin of five millions for reserve purposes, brought the still tranquil House face to face with the necessity of raising 60 millions over and above the ordinary expenditure of the year.

This is a position to be paralleled only by going back to the mean War. Colossal in its import, it was not nearly so extraordinary as the attitude of the House. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been going round with his tambourine for a half-wit whip for some charitable purpose, members could not have held their responsibilities with a lighter heart.

151,022,000" wanted. "Very well," members said. "How do you propose to raise it?" Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, falling in with the prevalent business-like mood, was not long in disclosing his plan. Mr. Gladstone would certainly have made a three hours' talk on the unique occasion. Sir William Harcourt, had he been on the right side of the table, would have fallen not far short in length. Sir Michael, concerned chiefly to get through his work, only once, and that in the closing passage of a speech compressed

disposed to pat Sir Michael on the back, was almost effusive in his approval. The fact is it was suspected on the front Opposition Bench that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, yielding to the pressure of colleagues who see a General Election in the near distance, and are anxious not to alienate the voter, would shirk sound, honest policy of finance, and instead of at least partly meeting extraordinary charges out of the year's income, would cast the burden on that posterity which it is truly said never did anything for us. By a sagacious temporising, partly paying cash and partly borrowing, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is acknowledged on both sides to have made the best of a bad business.

Victims of the War

(Continued from page 8 of our Supplement)

CAPTAIN ROBERT HUGHTREDE EDWARD HOLT, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who died of wounds received near Ladysmith, was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a licentiate both of the Royal College of Physicians and of the Society of Apothecaries. Our portrait is by G. West and Son.

Captain Edward John Dewar, of the King's Royal Rifles, who has died of his wounds at Paardeberg, entered the Militia first, and passed into the Army in December, 1883, becoming captain in July, 1891. He took part in the expedition to Manipur nine years ago. Our portrait is by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, I.W.

Captain Richard Arthur Starling Benson, of the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, who died from dysentery at Wynberg, entered the Coldstream Guards from the Militia in July, 1890, became lieutenant in January, 1894, and captain in February, 1899. Our portrait is by G. Bell and Co., Ebury Street.

pipes to be put out and silence to be maintained, as the enemy were near, and as we passed frowning hills and rugged valleys one waited in expectancy of a dose of "Mauser" or "shells." The main body came to a halt before dawn behind and sheltered by a range of grassy hills, on which the Royal Artillery had mounted their guns, and at dawn they commenced firing at a farm in which there were some Boers, and it was very soon levelled, but I don't think they killed anyone. The advance guard then beat the valley in skirmishing order and some Boers fired a volley at 300 yards into the middle of the S.A.L.H. (South African Light Horse), but never hit anyone. Just as some of the Devons were advancing on a farm one of them was shot dead by a stray shot at about 1,800 yards, but the enemy, who were in small numbers, got away. At the bottom of the valley ran the celebrated Tugela River, which we were to cross. General Buller's plan was as follows: He first sent on, for several days, large bodies of men from Springfield with all heavy baggage to Spearman's Farm, which is close to the Tugela, at which place there is an easy ford, with a triangular plain fronted by hills on the other side. The enemy were on these hills in force, and quickly got heavy guns into position and let our men cross, thinking they would fall into their trap and get the full benefit of their guns, as they thought we were going to make a frontal attack. Buller then, under the mask of night, and after giving us several night marches, brought us up round country, leaving our tents behind with a few men, giving them the appearance of a full camp. This ruse succeeded extremely well, as we have now got to the river in a splendid place. About twelve o'clock we moved on and camped, or, rather, came to a halt beside the farm, which was a rather nice large one-storied building with comfortable verandas and numerous outbuildings. The owners of it had shut it up and had gone to fight for Kruger, and had left only their farm hands to look after tillage. There was a fine garden with lots of lime and apricot trees, but the fruit was not yet ripe, and some poultry and peacocks, which were promptly killed by the Tommies. They also dug up every potato in the place. All the morning the Royal Engineers were getting the river pontooned over. It was about eighty yards broad, with steep banks covered with sedge bushes and cactus plants. It took twelve boats with planks between to span the river, and the troops got quickly across and advanced in skirmishing order up the hills on the other side, but no shots were fired and some batteries were mounted on the top. One could see Boers trekking away southward on the back hills, legging it for all they were worth.



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. A. S. BENSON
Died from dysentery in Wynberg Hospital



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. J. DEWAR
Died of wounds received at Paardeberg



THE LATE CAPT. R. H. E. HOLT, R.A.M.C. THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. O. BARKER
Died of wounds received during the advance on Ladysmith Who died at Ladysmith



THE LIEUTENANT F. O. BARKER
Who died at Ladysmith



THE LATE MAJOR F. A. SANDERS
Killed in advance on Ladysmith

within the limits of an hour and a-half, indulged in oratorical
 joggery.

He specifically made it clear that in dividing the burden created the war in South Africa, he had a lit for everybody. The no-tax payer is rushed up to the rotund shilling in the red. Dealers on the Produce Exchange, who escaped notice when Contract Notes on the Stock Exchange were a year or two ago, will hereafter pay a tribute of a shilling on each transaction. Beer is mulet in an extra shilling a barrel, and spirits in extra sixpence a gallon. Tobacco runs up fourpence a pound, cigars sixpence, and tea twopence. The increased yield from these sources will bring in over 12 millions, and Sir Michael moved the Exchequer of outgoings by suspending operation the Sinking Fund to the extent of 4,640,000/. There still remained a deficit of 20 millions on the new financial year, but, added to the deficiency of the current one, necessitated a sum of thirty-five millions.

All this has serious import for the householder, already over-
loded with taxes and rates. More especially it presses
heavily on the income-tax payer, who finds a grievous impost
of nearly fifty per cent. by a stroke of the pen. What
makes the situation even more hard to bear is consideration
of what might have been. Had war been averted, instead
of having to meet on the current year a deficiency of nearly
seven millions, there would have been a clear surplus of five
hundred thousand and a-half. In estimating the Budget for the coming year
the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been justified in look-
ing for a still more magnificent surplus. In such circumstances he
could not have withheld from the income-tax payer that relief
which has been granted from year to year the means of bestowing which has been
sought by the present Government for the benefit of the landlord
and the clergy. In brief, had there been no war, whilst there
would have been no increase of indirect taxation, the income-tax
payer would inevitably have had twopence in the pound knocked off
his head.

But there was no murmuring among the representatives of the people. We are at war. We mean to carry the war to a final end, and we must just pay for it. That was the prevalent feeling, and it found expression in a series of speeches which could hardly have been more congratulatory had the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in sixty millions odd cash with him instead of proposing to carry off that amount. Sir William Harcourt, always

Major Francis Alexander Sanders, who was killed in the Ladysmith Relief operations, was second in command of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He joined this regiment from the Militia early in 1878. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Second Lieutenant F. O. Barker, of the 5th Lancashire Fusiliers, who has died at Ladysmith, joined the regiment a little over a year ago. Our portrait is by G. Lassare, Alexandria.

With the Ambulances to Spion Kop

B y E. B. KNOX, R.A.M.C.

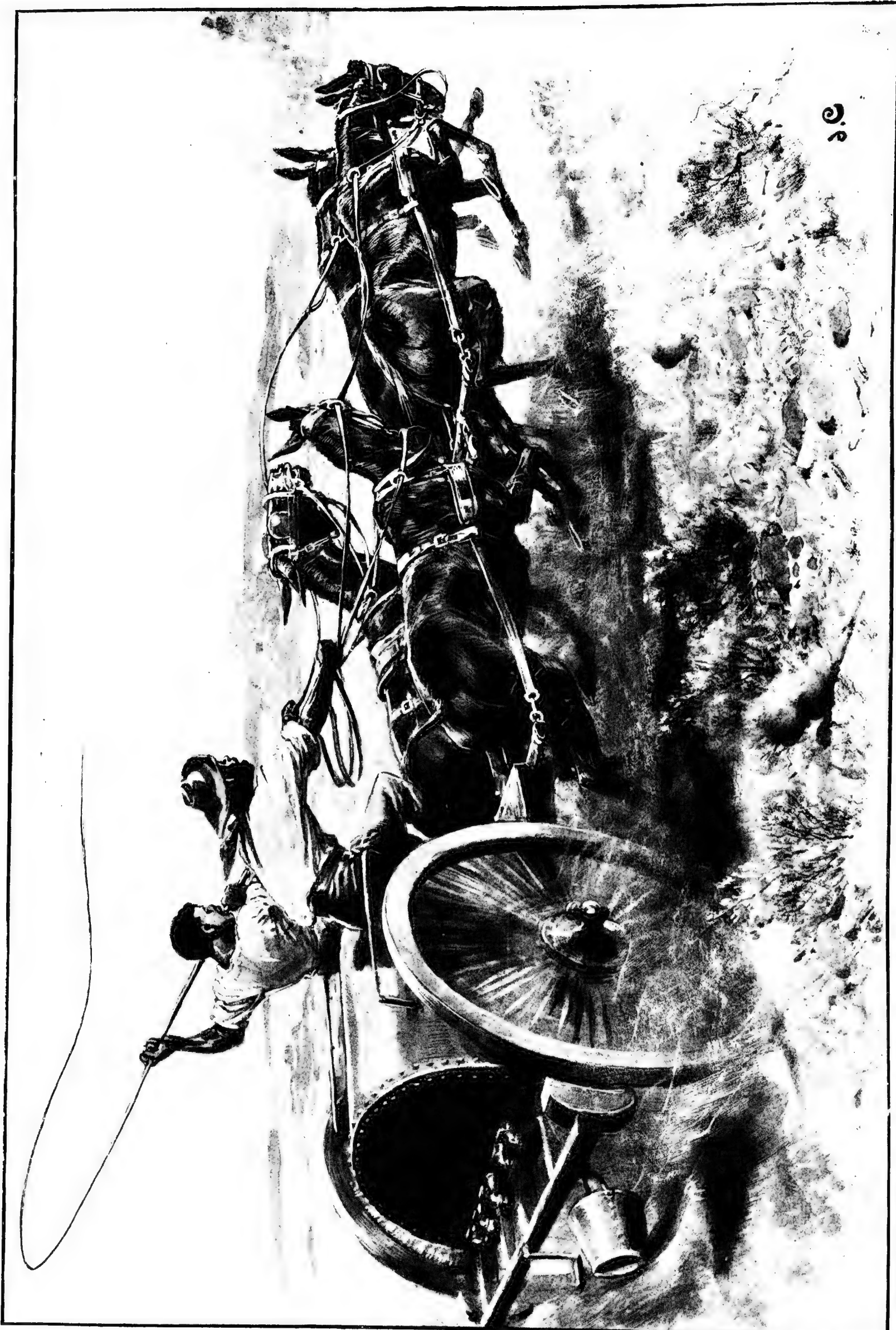
JANUARY 16.—Received orders to leave camp at 5.45 and to proceed towards Spearman's Farm, where provisions and 4th Brigade, etc., had gone to the day before. We were told to leave a few men of our B.C. (Bearer Co.) to look after them and the ox-wagon with our kits. We were to bring on our ambulances and 20 lbs. of kit for each officer. The men left their great coats behind. All the regiments left their tents and a company of men to look after them. Bugles were to sound as usual, and fires to be kept lighted, and what men that remained were to keep moving about the camp. All this was done to deceive the enemy and give the camp a busy appearance. The bulk of the troops marched out of camp at twilight, keeping hills between us and the enemy. After going for about seven miles, orders were issued for us to branch off the main road, so instead of making for Spearman's Farm, we found ourselves going in a totally different direction, and as we went on we were joined by troops from various points. The night was lovely with a full moon, and sufficient clouds to hinder it being too light, and the road, or rather track, being fairly dry. We had a very pleasant journey, although now and then one rode into a barbed wire fence, or stumbled into an ant hill or into some loose rocks, bog, or sedge. Our ambulance joggled along merrily, lumping up and down, our Red Cross flags flapping and fluttering, and the Kaffir boys plying jambok and swearing at each other as one team of mules fouled another. I could write a book on mules and their mulish ways, always ready to kick and stampede on the merest and slightest opportunity. An order was now passed back for all

We bivouacked beside the farm for the night, and the soldier that was shot was buried, and a barbed wire fence put round his grave with a headstone of sandstone, with a brief inscription. This farm is called "Wagon Drift."

JANUARY 18.—Slept well last night in the open air. We were kept waiting our turn to cross the river until four o'clock in the evening, and lined up our waggon in two rows of six each, and the men lit fires and had some food. I forgot to mention that General Buller came over for the day and superintended the fording of the river and the crossing of the troops.

JANUARY 19.—General Warren and his Staff rode into camp about 3 a.m. At 5 a.m. the whole of the troops advanced onward in a long, broad column, we were on the flank; fences and ditches were levelled as we went, and, finally, we got on a road and came to a valley and little river, where the Bearer Company stopped, and our men looted some goats. In front of us was a long ridge of high hills, on which the troops advanced, and soon sniping began, showing that the enemy were on the tops. As they got on it was evident that there were a good lot, and through field-glasses I could see the rifle trenches. At 5 p.m. we were ordered on, and made for a little farm, where we stopped for about one hour. Our Royal Artillery now commenced shelling the hills, the big guns replied. The Bearer Company moved on another mile, and settled for the night. Our guns kept firing at intervals all through the night, and the enemy were estimated at about 600.

JANUARY 20.—We moved on at 5 a.m. this morning up through the hills, and the B.C. (Bearer Company) got behind a hillock and drew up their wagons. I rode to a big farm close by and filled my haversack with about sixty peaches which I looted. Firing now became very rapid, and from the top of the hill behind which I was camped I could see the battle from beginning to end very well. Our guns started shelling the Boer trenches which lay on the tops of the hills opposite us, and I could distinctly see the shells bursting in over and about the trenches, tearing great holes in the ground, and sending up clouds of red dust when they burst on the ground, as when they burst in the air they sent out a flash and a lot of white smoke. The shells went for miles through the air with a scream like a big rocket. Our shooting was very accurate. Our troops kept pouring up from the valley on the back of two hills (indicated in the sketch on page 6 of our supplement), and formed up on the back of them out of sight; from the hill on the right skirmishers went out, and kept up firing, and it was



22

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

While General French was engaged in operations near Colesberg, the enemy were all but surrounded, kowie after kowie being carried by our men. Our illustration shows the water cart on the way to MacCracken held the post, which

was close up to the Boer position, for some weeks. All supplies for the flanks of French's army were carried by mule waggons. The greatest distance to be covered was about sixteen miles. The mules worked well. They were South African bred. The roads were tracks through

the yeldt, and in many places were a foot deep in dust, which rain would convert into clinging mud

WITH GENERAL FRENCH AT RENSBURG: WATER FOR THE FIGHTING LINE

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WILTON SEAMLESS
SQ

WILTON SEAMLESS
SQ

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SIZES.		PRICES.		SIZES.	
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£.	s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.
13	6 by 9	0	.. 6 5	0	14 0 by 11
11	0 by 10	0	.. 5 15	0	15 0 by 11
12	0 by 10	0	.. 6 5	0	13 0 by 12
13	6 by 10	0	.. 7 0	0	14 0 by 12
12	0 by 11	0	.. 7 0	0	16 0 by 12
13	0 by 11	0	.. 7 12	0	

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THE SIZES and PRICES
 A few Carpets are given as a guide to
 purchasers, viz. :—

SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.
12 by 18	100	12 by 18
12 by 12	50	12 by 12
12 by 9	30	12 by 9
12 by 6	15	12 by 6
12 by 3	5	12 by 3
12 by 1	1	12 by 1

Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft.
7 6 by	5 2 ..	2 6 0	11 10 by	8
7 9 by	5 2 ..	2 14 0	12 8 by	8
7 6 by	6 3 ..	2 17 0	11 3 by	9
9 6 by	6 0 ..	3 6 0	11 10 by	9
8 7 by	7 0 ..	3 10 0	12 2 by	9

8	10	by	7	3	1	3	6	11	10	by	9	0
9	5	by	7	3	1	4	4	0	12	11	by	9
10	4	by	7	5	1	4	14	0	12	4	by	10
10	4	by	7	7	1	5	0	0	12	11	by	10
11	0	by	8	0	1	5	2	0	13	1	by	9
12	2	by	6	11	1	5	3	0	13	11	by	10
9	7	by	8	6	1	5	4	0	14	11	by	10
10	11	by	8	11	1	5	6	0	14	0	by	11
11	5	by	7	3	1	5	7	0	14	11	by	12
12	4	by	7	9	1	5	12	0	15	4	by	12
11	5	by	9	0	1	6	0	0	15	11	by	11

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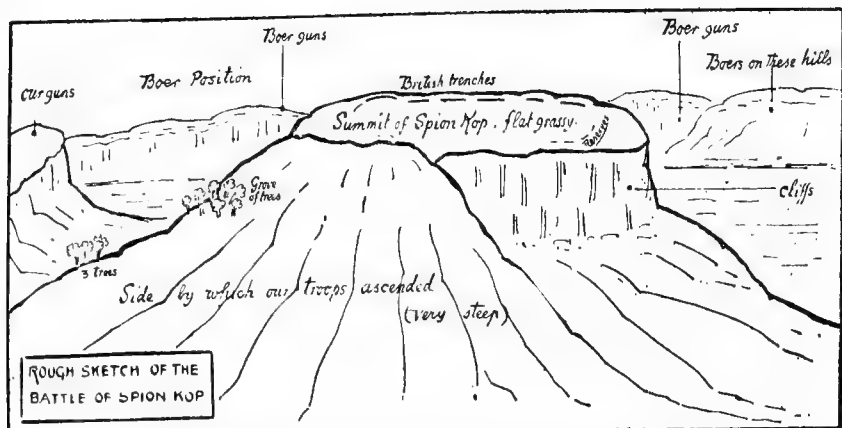
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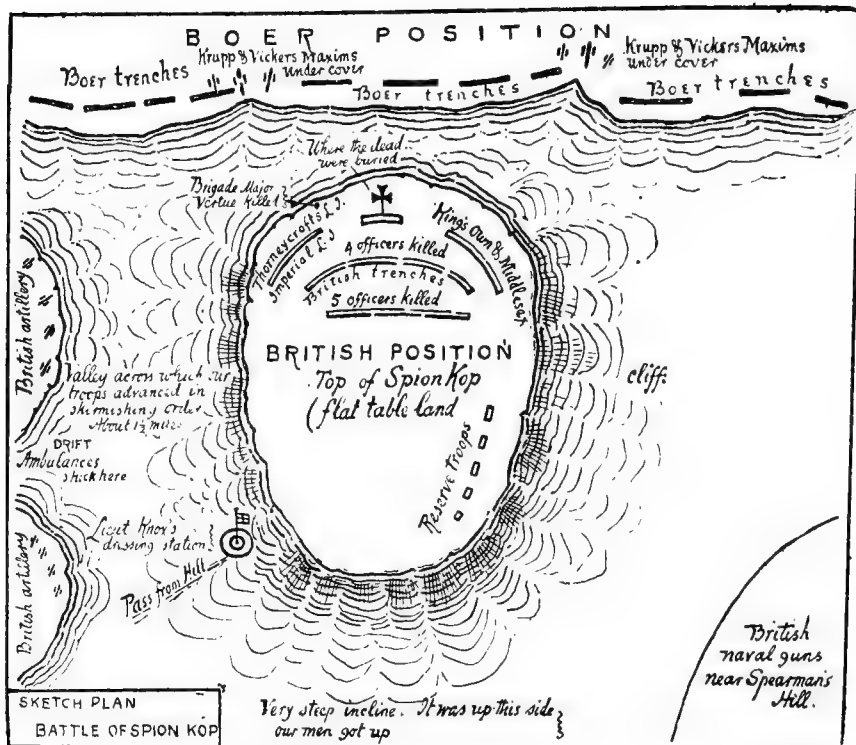


The accompanying sketch and plan of the Battle of Spion Kop (January 23 and 24) are reproduced from drawings made on the spot by Lieutenant Ernest Blake Knox, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, whose dressing station during the action was situated on the side of the mountain. It is shown in the plan. Spion Kop, where the second attempt made by Sir E. Redvers Buller to advance to the relief of Ladysmith was checked, is the highest of the range of hills on the left bank of the Upper Tugela River. On two sides it is inaccessible, and it could only be ascended by the side shown in the sketch, the opposite side being, save for a depression, almost continuous with the centre of the Boer position. The side by which our troops climbed up is very steep. It has on it three humps, the lowest of which is covered with rocks, the next has on it three trees, and the uppermost a grove of small trees. The path up is very steep and dangerous, only one man at a time being able to ascend. During the ascent our men collected at these points to rest, but were continuously moving up in a line to the top, and, advancing forward in skirmishing order, firing all the time, and receiving a continuous fire from the surrounding hills. On the flat summit of the mountain our men made trenches under a heavy fire. The position of the trenches is shown in the plan. The position was abandoned by our troops on January 24.

SPION KOP

here our first losses were. It was from this hill that the Maxims kept up fire on the enemies' trenches. For the next few hours things went on just like this, and the wounded began to arrive on our stretchers. The first case I saw was one shot through the chest, just beside the heart, but half an inch from it; others shot in all sorts of places, and all very cheerful and indifferent to their wounds, and smoking their pipes. One fellow had been struck at long range by a bullet, and it did not penetrate very far. He had been shot in the chest, and as he felt the end of it he pulled the bullet out himself and showed it to me. He was going to keep it for a trophy. Another man that came in in great pain, from a shot through the liver, told me the pain was very bad, and on the other side, when I examined him, I found it was all due to a safety pin, which had been put in by the chaplain to hold the bandage on, and had been driven in and out through the skin. It was shortly after this that Major Winter sent me with four ambulance waggons up to our firing line. The road was very bad, and it took the sixteen mules which pull each waggon all their time to get them up the hill. Our Artillery had two batteries on the next kopje, behind which the infantry were lying, firing from its sides at the enemy on the opposite ridge. At the rear of the guns the wounded were lying. Getting all the four waggons into line, we hurried them across the level ground to this kopje. The bullets whistled all over our heads, but fortunately too high, so no damage was done. When we got behind the kopje, we were out of fire, but the artillery, not fifty yards above us, were

the centre of the enemy's fire, and a perfect hail of bullets kept whistling round them. The infantry were all round us; only those at the sides of the hill could get in their fire, and the others were lying about in the blazing sun, playing cards, smoking, and chaffing each other. Occasionally one would walk over to the edge of the hill, and although warned, would expose himself to the full fire for no other reason than to see what was going on. The enemy now began to shell this kopje—they had evidently had time to get up some of their guns—and several of them burst right in the thick of the men, killing one and wounding about half a dozen. At this moment somebody put up a hare, which ran right through the infantry, the Tommies getting up and running after it hallooing and throwing stones after it. As it passed within about twelve feet of where I was standing beside my horse, I let fly a brick and just shaved it; however, it escaped down the hill. We got our waggons filled with wounded and returned. As we were passing the zone of fire three bullets passed so close to me that I could feel them, so I gave my mare the spur and galloped behind the waggons. As they rolled on a shell burst to the side of us and hit the axle of one. We returned to camp safely and were busy till midnight, getting in the wounded with lamps and looking after them. Three times during the action the Boers tried on their "white flag" trick, but it did not succeed, as our artillery belched off twelve guns all at



once and knocked it over, and threw a gun of theirs, which was run up behind it, out of action. We had rain and lightning in the evening, and turned in after midnight.

JANUARY 21.—The losses yesterday were about eight killed and 180 wounded on our side. Firing recommenced at daylight. General White sent a message by heliograph yesterday that 2,000 Boers had left there to stop us. Our men have gained the hill tops, and we could hear them cheering as they turned out the enemy with their bayonets. Several shells fell near our Bearer Company to-day, and one burst at the field hospital, which is about a quarter of a mile behind us, and killed a major of the Royal Engineers. The heat is awful; my hands are covered with blisters and flakes of loose skin. I have not shaved for nearly a fortnight, and am rather scrubby. Thank goodness we have good water, and the troops are in splendid condition and full of energy. They make splendid patients.

MONDAY, JANUARY 22.—Engagement still continues this morning. We have got up some of our howitzers from Spearman's Farm. I have just got orders to take charge of a sick convoy back from here to Spearman's Hill. They number about 150 and three officers. I am in command. On the chance of posting this letter I will now conclude.

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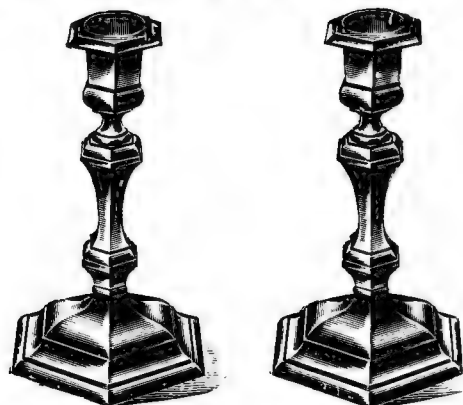


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Massive Sterling Silver Louis XVI. Presentation Tea-Tray, with Pierced Border, Chased Lattice and Vine Leaves, the Centre very beautifully Hand
Engraved, 24 in., £73 10s.; 26 in., £84. Massive Sterling Silver Service, Chased and Fluted, with Mounted Festoons, in the style of Louis XVI.

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Plain Antique Hexagon Candlesticks, 7 in. high.
"Prince's" Plate, £3. Sterling Silver, £5 10s.



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Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, handsomely Chased, Gilt Inside,
£10.
Sterling Silver Salad Servers to match, £8 10s.

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 Use Monkey Brand.

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 SCOURS AND POLISHES THE WORLD,
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 and all kinds of
 Metal, Marble, and
 Earthenware.

Makes COPPER like GOLD, TIN like SILVER, BRASS like MIRRORS, CROCKERY like MARBLE, WINDOWS like CRYSTAL.

New Novels

"ONORA"

ROSA MULHOLLAND'S (Lady Gilbert's) readers are to be congratulated on her having given them so quietly charming a story of peasant life as "Onora" (Grant Richards). It is of Irish peasant life in Munster, but it is refreshingly free from any of the stock features of such fiction—the murder, the secret society, the well-meaning, or ill-meaning, landlord at war with his tenants, the wild Irish girl, and so on, and so on. It is true that the novel opens with an eviction, the more impressive from its entire freedom from resistance or disorder; and that its course is chronically, through not finally, overshadowed by prospects of emigration, and the presence of that actually worst of agrarian cankers, the Gombeen-

man. But, for the rest, it is just the story of a pair of lovers—the man just an ordinary young farmer, with the usual financial worries, and the girl just good, pretty, and poor. Neither has a reasonable alternative between America and marrying money; each has a grand chance of the latter; and so they prefer America and pennilessness together. How they escaped the penalties of their rashness, both for themselves and their families, forms a delightful point in the story, by its dependence on that most original of oddities, Miss Sabina Doolan, with her shrewd head and warm heart under all her bizarre affectations.

"THE WATERS OF EDERA"

"Ouida's" continuous championship of the Italian peasant against his rulers shows no relaxation of force in "The Waters of Edera" (T. Fisher Unwin). Indeed its very excess of force and height of colour tend to detract from its success in carrying conviction. The heir of a race of Ancient Etruscan Kings, reduced to the position of a poor peasant-farmer on their once Royal domain, is almost too exceptionally romantic a figure for a story meant to depict things as they are. And though the slaughter of every character in the book (save one), by one form of violence or another, may be possible, it is too exhaustively wholesale to convey the effect intended. We are not offering any opinion as to the accuracy of Ouida's observations or otherwise; we are merely pointing out that it is as a romance that "The Waters of Edera" will be enjoyed by all who appreciate its author's characteristically glowing style.

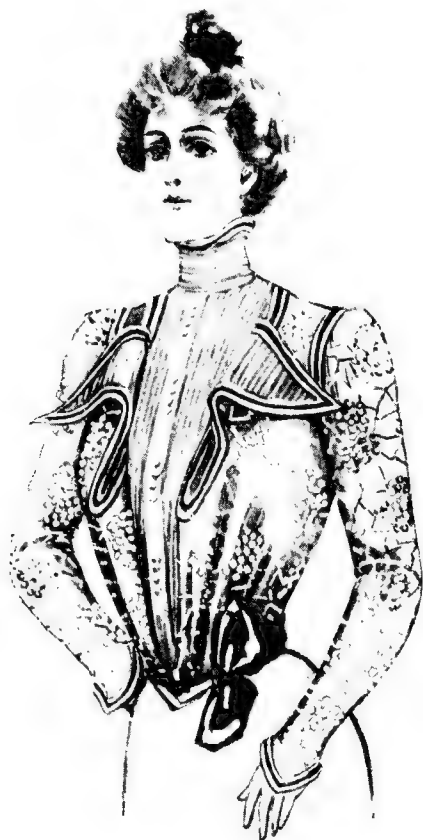
"THE WOOING OF MONICA"

For a great heiress, and a beauty besides, Monica Douglas was not troubled with many lovers. A girl of a title of her financial and personal attractions might fairly expect more than two. But what was lacking to the heroine of Mrs. L. T. Meade's novel (F. V. White and Co.) in point of number was more than compensated by quality. One of the rivals was just about as big a scoundrel, of the brilliant piano-playing order, as can be imagined—a whole experience in himself; while the other, happily, provided an experience of the opposite kind. But for Monica's unswerving loyalty to her honest lover, she would certainly have been drawn into becoming the wife of a murderer.

"SOUR GRAPES"

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge," is the motto employed to explain the title of Mr. J. F. Cornish's novel (Chatto and Windus). A fine young officer, Captain George Brabrooke, engaged to a correspondingly charming daughter of a fine old Admiral, is overwhelmed by the discovery that his father and mother had dispensed with marriage in their own case, apparently on some sort of conscientious principle. Not only so, but that his father was about to take advantage of the situation by deserting the reputed Mrs. Brabrooke, and marrying another lady to whom he had made love in the character of a widower. The Captain, instead of doing his obvious duty by laying the case before the father of his Barbara, and being told, as he would have been, that it would make no difference between him and them, does a great deal more than anybody's duty. He breaks his engagement, and consequently Barbara's heart, without a reason, and promptly proposes to, is accepted by, and marries, the lady who was on the point of marrying his father, so that he may put the latter's intention out of his power. Then, setting up a false order for active service

abroad, he sets off for Africa on his wedding day, without the least respect to the feelings of the bride whom he had tricked into tying herself for life to a man who meant never to see her again. It is really painful when all this sacrifice of himself—and of others—proves to have been thrown away; that his father and mother, now reconciled, proved to have been really married without knowing it; and that there is nothing between the Captain and Barbara but—Mrs. George. But Mr. Cornish is equal even to that tangle. Mrs. George turns out to be the Captain's long-lost aunt; a truly original dénouement to which the author has led up with an elaborate skill worthy of a better cause.



FANCY BLOUSE

Of pale grey chiffon, partly tucked, and partly having an applied design of silver sequins. Small silver buttons. Black velvet at waist. Revers, &c., outlined white and black satin.



EVENING GOWN

Of cream kilted chiffon. Over-robe of guipure, with appliqué of palest blue panne outlined in gold sequins. Drapery round corsage of gold-thread lace.

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when drinking Cocoa to have the pure article only, as many so-called "Pure" Cocoas contain added matter that is not only unnecessary, but often positively harmful.

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"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Prince of Wales, with the invariable thoughtfulness and charity which endears him to the English people, told us last week that he took the deepest interest in the housing of the poor. He and the Princess went in a delightfully informal way to open the new streets and buildings erected by the County Council on the un-savoury site of the old "Jago" celebrated by Mr. Morrison. In this new settlement, a certain refinement and taste has crept in. Workshops, no longer insanitary, have been erected, laundries, in which are mangles driven by steam, and irons heated by gas at a cost of 3d. an hour. Baths may be found there too, clubs and reading rooms, so that in this respect the poor are better catered for than were the denizens of the French palaces of Fontainebleau and Rambouillet, where, until the democratic reign of Madame Faure, who believed in hydrotherapy, there existed not even one bathroom. The housing of the poor, the great social problem of the day, is one that concerns women especially, for how can home exist where none of the common decencies and comforts of life are available? Rents are high in London, irrespective of quality. Numbers of working men or women, even in the East End, pay as much as 5s. 6d. a week for a lodging, humble and dingy in the extreme. Many a lady may think, "Well, cleanliness, at least, the poor woman can cultivate," but cleanliness is an expensive virtue where conveniences are few, and clothes must be washed and dried in the living room. All honour, then, to the Prince, who has realised this truth, and who has come forward as the champion of the working classes, to try and secure to them decent lodgings at moderate rates.

The recent successes in South Africa have relaxed the tension of men's minds, and people feel more able to turn their thoughts to dress, fashion and society. Several pretty young girls will make their appearance this spring, and a number of distinguished brides. Among them may be noted Lady Castlereagh, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Cromartie, Lady Evelyn Ward, Lady Balcarras, etc. The ranks of the girls include daughters of Lady Cholmondeley, Lady Sligo, Lady Ashlourne, Lady Onslow, Lady Grey, Lady Alexander

Kennedy, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, and Mrs. Dudley Ward, most of whom are still young and attractive women themselves. Of juvenile mothers there seems now to be a superabundance, while the ranks of old, fat and cappy dowagers diminish daily. Mothers cultivate slim, slight, active, and pretty figures, and look and feel nearly as young as their daughters.

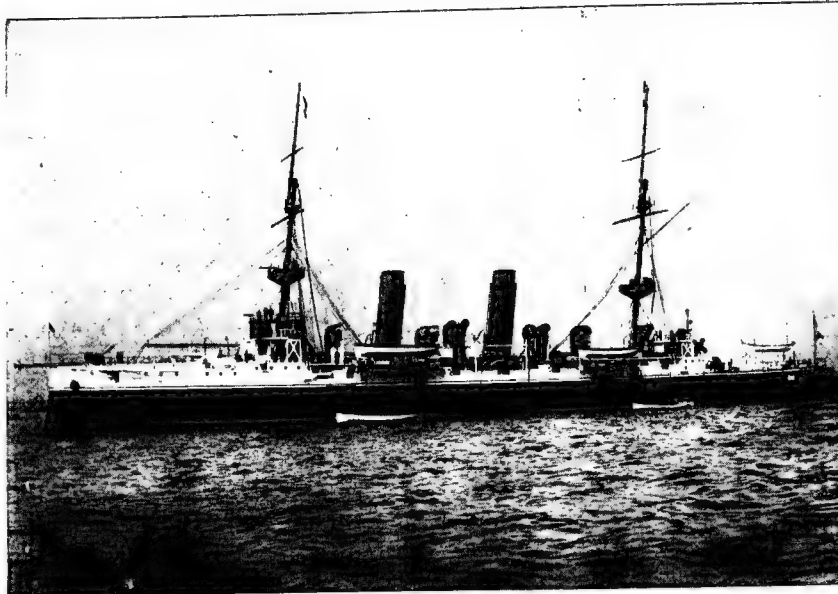
The music-hall seems now the recognised outlet for talent, eccentricity, or those who tire of the tedious drudgery of the stage. A

added to talent, makes for success in the halls, viz., an individuality somewhat accentuated. For instance, she was very thin at her *debut*, so she exaggerated that thinness, wore long black gloves, scratched up her hair on the top of her head, and dressed in clinging garments. The result was a piquant and agreeable personality, whose dress and manner met with universal approval and imitation.

Some curious experiences have been the lot of women during this war. For instance, some, certified by the War Office that their husbands were dead, have found after a few weeks that the information was false, and their husbands still alive and well. In one case I knew of a soldier's wife, duly informed of her husband's death, who obtained a pension, bought widow's weeds, and walked about in panoply of woe for some time, till it transpired that her spouse's brother was killed and not her spouse. This adds a fresh horror to war. The anxiety, the grief, then the sudden revulsion of feeling and surprise and joy. Finally, the extreme awkwardness of having to refund a pension, and the money spent in buying mourning. For the poor are exceptionally punctilious in these matters, and it is not infrequent to see a woman shabby and almost in rags as a wife, blossom into immaculate mourning, widow's cap, crape bonnet and veil, on receiving the news of her husband's decease.

The Scotch, who have already given so many valiant lives for their Queen, have now resolved to have a base hospital of their own in South Africa, the want of more aid for the sick and wounded being recognised; this hospital, to be called the Scottish National Hospital, is to contain 525 beds, and all the counties and villages in Scotland are requested to give it their subscription and support. This assistance is very necessary, as the

Army medical resources are now strained to the utmost. It is thought that memorial beds may be generously given, and that the full number will be readily obtained. All those who have followed the career of our brave soldiers must feel glad that in the days of sickness and suffering they will be judiciously and amply helped by so definite, practical, and beneficent a scheme. It is to be served by Scotch doctors, Scotch nurses, and Scotch sympathy. An appeal to this effect is issued by the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association, of which the President is Lord Breadallane, and the Hon. President of the Ladies' Committee the Duchess of Montrose, who has already done such good work in the West of Scotland for the Soldiers and Sailors' Fund. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, 103, West Regent Street, Glasgow.



General Cronje and his party, who were sent down to Cape Town after being taken prisoners, were taken on board H.M.S. *Doris* on the 2nd inst., where they will be kept until other arrangements are made. The General has expressed his thanks for the kindness shown to him by Lord Roberts. H.M.S. *Doris*, which is a second-class cruiser, is the flagship on the Cape station. General Cronje's cabin is at the spot marked X. Our illustration is from a photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

GENERAL CRONJE'S PRISON: H.M.S. "DORIS"

man or woman may become famous in a night at the music-hall, while the salaries offer irresistible attractions. This winter Mrs. Tree and Mrs. Brown Potter both received the suffrages of this eclectic public, who will indiscriminately applaud a tumbler, an acrobat, a dancer, a whistler, a singer, or a reciter. The latest recruit is Countess Russell, who, with a title, good looks, a handsome dress, and a popular song, has managed to score success. To be a popular music-hall star requires greater nerve and self-possession than to be an actress, but the prizes, as in the case of Madame Yvette Guilbert, who has amassed a large fortune in the course of a few years, are enormous. Madame Guilbert has told us what,

The Relief of Ladysmith.

"HEADQUARTERS, NELTHORPE,"

"March 2 (8 a.m.)

"Seventy-three waggon-loads of supplies"

"now entering Ladysmith, first eleven of"

"which contain hospital comforts."

Official Telegram from General Sir Redvers Buller.

Supplies of Lemco (Liebig Company's Extract), amounting to the product of 5,000 bullocks, have already been shipped to the British Forces in South Africa.

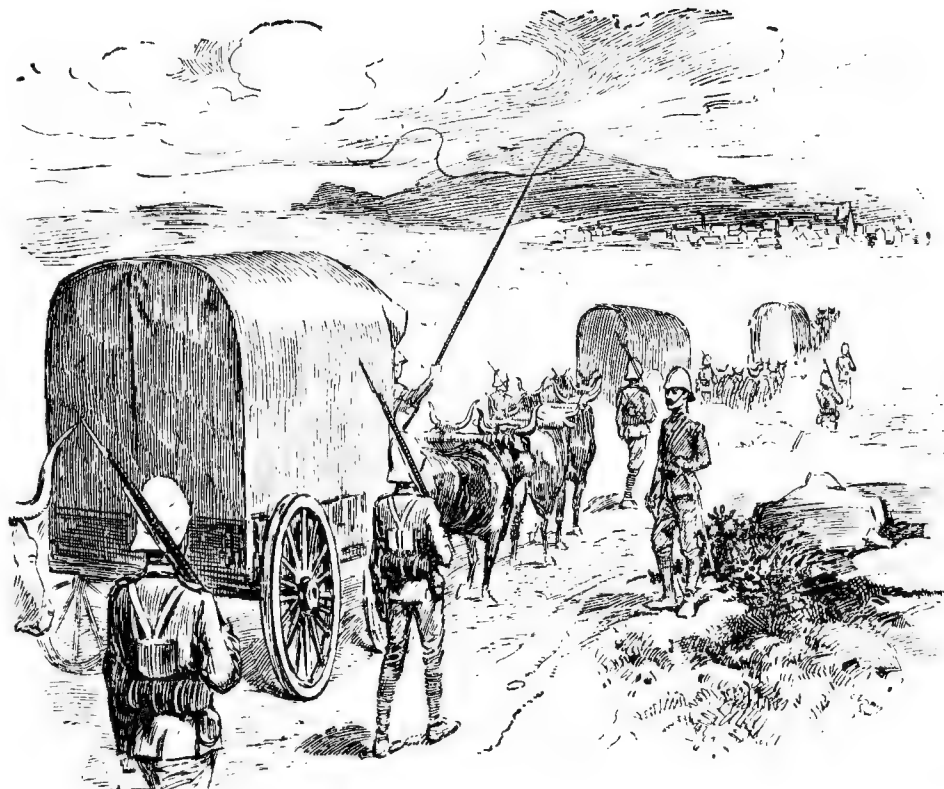
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Shake off Misery.

You have only to be depressed so long to get used to it. You can live many weeks just within reach of cheerfulness, yet not lay hold of it.

Exhaustion of the nerves and poorness of the blood will keep you down. A bottle of

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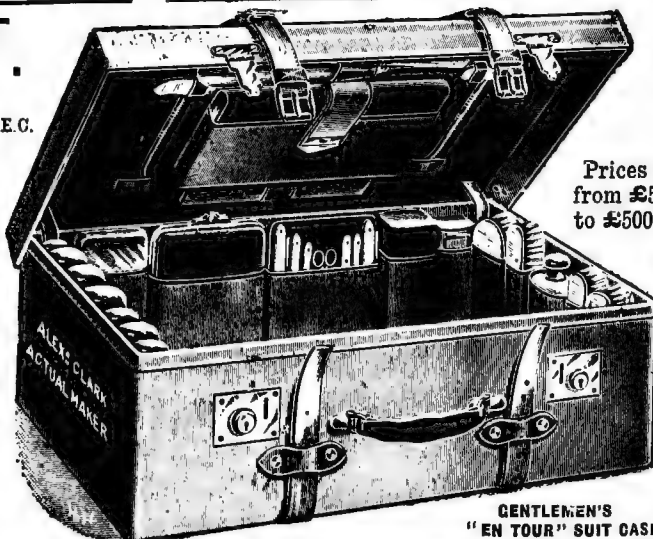
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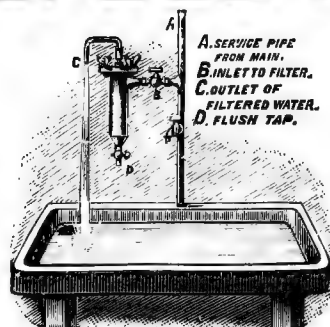
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Lord Playfair

No more interesting biographical work has appeared of late years than the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair," by Wemyss Reid (Cassell). Lord Playfair during his lifetime had himself traced out a rough outline of his career, not for publication, but for the benefit of his family, and it is upon this, his correspondence and his notes that Sir Wemyss Reid has based his admirable story of a life every moment of which was devoted to hard work—work that was to benefit humanity both in the present and the future. "To Lyon Playfair," says the author, "the good of his country was a thing to be pursued not merely in the Senate, or in contested fields, but in the laboratory and the council room, in social intercourses, and in the humdrum round of daily life. It was a thing never to be lost sight of, no matter how incongruous with public work the scene or the circumstances might be."

We have neither space, nor is it necessary for us to enlarge upon his well-known career. There were few great movements in which the public welfare was concerned with which Lord Playfair was not more or less connected. The reforms which he brought about in the way of sanitation were alone enough to make him famous, but beyond these he was, at different times, appointed chemist to the Geological Society, Special Commissioner of the 1851 Exhibition, Secretary to the Science and Art Department, President of the Royal Commission on the Herring Fishing, &c., &c., besides which he was a member of Parliament and of the Privy Council.

His rise was singularly rapid. At the age of twenty-one he went

to Germany to study under the great chemist Liebig. He writes of his introduction to that scientist:—"I mentioned my name and told him I was a pupil of Graham's, and he laughingly said, 'You might have added that you are the discoverer of iodo-sulphuric acid,' which I had recently described in short papers." In 1841 (he was then twenty-three) he received an offer to become chemical manager of the large calico-print works of a Mr. Thomson at Clitheroe. One of the conditions mentioned in that gentleman's letter to Playfair was that the latter should meet him at a certain hour of a certain day in London. Playfair, who was in Germany at the time, started off, and notwithstanding certain inevitable delays, he arrived at the place of his appointment with fifteen minutes to spare. As the clock struck the hour he walked into the room. "Mr. Thomson said:—'You are very punctual,' and explained the nature of the work. He then stated that his intention had been to offer me 300*l.* a year rising to 400*l.*, but on account of my punctuality on the day and the hour, he would make his offer 400*l.* rising to 600*l.*"

The chapters dealing with the Great Exhibition of 1851, of which Playfair was a Special Commissioner and a member of the Executive Council, are amongst the most interesting of the volume. Playfair was, to all intents and purposes, the one practical man of all the Commissioners. At this time he came into contact with many of the most celebrated men of the day, and many are the good stories he has to tell of them. He was a born raconteur, and his biographer allows him to tell his stories in his own words—which, unfortunately, cannot be said of all writers of this kind of literature.

Owing, in the first instance, to his connection with the Exhibition,

Playfair became a *personâ grata* with the Queen and Prince Consort, also with the Prince of Wales, the last-named of whom was at one time his pupil at Edinburgh.

The following story, which illustrates the faith that the Prince of Wales had in his instructor, to say nothing of his courage, is worth quoting. During a course of instruction on the practical application of science to industry, the Prince and Playfair were standing near a caldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat.

"Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said Playfair.

"Certainly," replied the Prince. Playfair then carefully washed the Prince's hand in ammonia to get rid of any grease that might be upon it. "Will you now place your hand into the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it," he said to his distinguished pupil.

"Do you tell me to do this?" said the Prince.

"I do," replied Playfair. The Prince instantly put his hand into the caldron, and ladled out some of the boiling lead without sustaining an injury.

Playfair's long and useful Parliamentary career is fully described, and the correspondence includes many hitherto unpublished letters from Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, and other statesmen, down to and including Mr. Chamberlain. The lives of scientific men make, as a rule, but dry and heavy reading to the unscientific, but we can assure our readers that in the present instance that is far from being the case. Full of interest, amusing, and highly instructive, the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair" will rank as one of the best, as it is one of the most entertaining, of Sir Wemyss Reid's admirable biographies.



Keystone Burgundy

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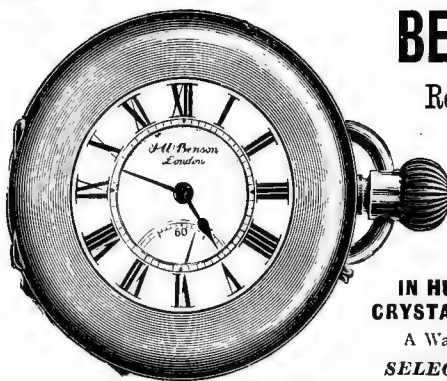
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

RETURNS of February rainfall are now to hand from all the chief stations, and the month is shown to have been uniformly wet. The westerly stations had "records" of fall often over ten inches for January and February, while even in Norfolk 3.15 inches fell in twenty-eight days. The state of the land is thoroughly unpropitious, and the preliminary labours of the harrow on the caked surface soil have not even begun as a rule. Barley sowings will be extremely late. Breeders of poultry and ducks complain that early broods are perishing; in fact, it is the most unhealthy season that they have known for years. Among the Dorset and other early Down sheep the losses of lambs are deplorable, and the scarcity of roots makes feeding unusually expensive. The farmer finds some compensation in the better prices obtainable for beef, mutton, and pork, but there is no doubt that on the whole he is in a worse position to-day than he was a year ago.

THE HORSE SHOWS

March is the great horse show month, and with that tendency to "previousness" which gives us Christmas fat stock shows in later November, we have now the cycle of such shows begun well in February. This year's shows are indicating no falling off in the support accorded to shires, hackneys, and hunters; in fact, horse breeding is doing well, and it is possible that the war will cause an extra demand for several months to come. There would be many gaps to repair and places to fill even if peace came in before the summer. The increase of the cavalry and horse artillery necessitates a permanent addition of over ten thousand horses. We could, as a nation, do with at least twice that number of serviceable steeds, for the Government agents are busily buying in Hungary and Kentucky as well as in our own shires. As a show detail may be mentioned a certain increased tendency to show stallions, and a certain decrease accorded to the classes for mares. The want of a good showyard in central London is much felt, but no steps have been taken as yet to supply the want.

A "ROYAL" FLEBISCITE

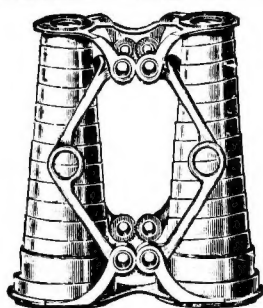
It is to be hoped that the R.A.S.E. will not abandon its fifty-year old custom of touring the country without consulting its entire *clientèle*. In our opinion the Council would do well not to consult members only, but also to send out a circular to all persons who have exhibited at Royal Shows during the last ten years. The difficulty of getting adequate sites near great cities is largely due to the enormous area of 100 acres which the R.A.S.E. has made a *sine qua non*. The Londoner may briefly be reminded that an offer of St. James's Park for a London Show would be rejected on the ground of the area (eighty-eight acres) being too cramped. Now the policy of holding a show of more concentrated interest has a good deal to be said in its favour. Might not all animals entered be inspected on the farms, and only those passed by the judges be sent to the actual show? The saving of space would more than cover the expense of the visits, and it is not unlikely that a smaller show, which contained nothing inferior, would more impress and interest the public than the present "mighty maze" which always appears to the casual visitor to be "quite without a plan."

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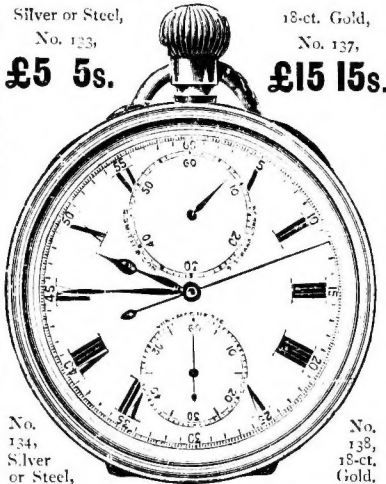


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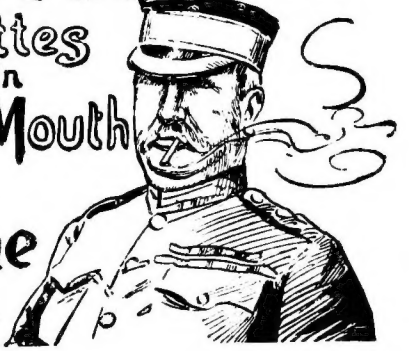


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